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PAUL LAROON:

—OR,—

THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

BETRAYAL.

The night was quite dark, and as Paul and his companion struck into the wood path, the way became one of almost impenetrable gloom. Once, at a distance of a few rods from the shore, he stopped. He could plainly hear the sobs of the poor fellows he had left behind, and he knew how quickly they would have gone to the very ends of the earth with him; but he could not take them now, and after listening for a moment he moved on again. Fortunately the path was a very clear one, for it led to the wide opening where the horses were kept, and was consequently much travelled. In half an hour they reached the opening, and here Paul caught a horse. He had already concealed a bridle there, which he readily found, and as soon as the animal was prepared with his fixtures, Mary was helped upon his back. The youth took his seat behind her, and then started on. The animal proved to be a kind and gentle one, and he kept the path without difficulty.

Of course the young man had to travel slowly, for even though the horse might have kept the true path, yet it was so dark that the overhanging branches could not be seen, and hence it was necessary to proceed very slowly in order to avoid being bruised and wounded by coming in contact with them.

"We are getting farther and farther from his power," said Paul, as they rode on.

"Yes," returned Mary. But she did not speak as one full of hope. Paul noticed it, and his own heart sank several degrees, but still he spoke cheerfully.

"We *must* escape," he said. "There is nothing to prevent us. The weather is favorable for the lugger, and we may be at sea ere long. By daylight we may be half way to Caracas; and if we once reach that city we are safe, for Laroon will not show his face there upon business that might expose him. We are safe, Mary. There is no ground for fear."

The maiden made no reply, but there was in her very silence, and in the coming and going of her breath, a sort of mystic language which the youth knew too well how to interpret.

"Tell me, my love," urged Paul, "if you have any fear?"

"Paul," she returned, almost convulsively, as though it was with an effort that she gave utterance to the thought, "I will tell you the truth: I wish you had not given your secret to that man."

"What man?"

"Buffo Burnington."

"But why fear him?"

"I do not know, but yet I cannot help it. From the manner in which I have heard that man spoken of, and from his very appearance, as it has been described to me, I cannot feel much confidence in him. But let it pass. Do not you be affected by my feelings. We may get away, indeed, I think we may—and then this will all be nothing. Do not think of it, Paul. Perhaps I am foolish."

The youth did not speak, for some time, for his companion's remarks had called up some very unpleasant thoughts in his own mind, and again he was wishing that Buffo Burnington had never received that letter. But his only consolation was—"It's too late now." And so it was.

It must have been near midnight when the fugitives came to the open country that bordered upon the small bay where the fisherman's hats stood, and by this time the stars had begun to peep through the breaking clouds, but the moon had not yet risen. Paul rode at once to the rude pier where the lugger lay, but he found no one there. This was to him a bad omen, and it struck him with fear. His next movement was to make his way to the cot where lived the man who was to have taken command of the lugger. He knocked at the door, and it was soon opened by the man whom Paul most wished to see.

"How is this?" asked our hero, in Spanish. "You were to have everything ready for sailing by an hour before midnight?"

"To-morrow was the day set," said the fisherman, scratching his head, and looking perplexed.

"*To morrow!*" uttered Paul, starting and turning pale. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, we were to sail to-morrow, and you said you might be here in the evening; but at any event, by an hour before midnight. Did you mean to day?"

Paul saw that the man was honest in what he said, and he saw, too, where the mistake had come in. The fishermen had planned to sail on the morrow, and they had confounded the evening and midnight of this meaning with the close of the day they had set. It was surely a blind, blundering piece of work on their part, and so Paul felt it to be. But there was no help for it now but to get ready as quickly as possible, and the youth had the good sense not to bother them by finding too much fault with their carelessness.

"How long will it take you to get ready?" asked the youth.

"O, only a few hours. I can call up the men, and have all ready soon after daylight."

"Lost! lost!" groaned Mary, hanging heavily upon her lover's arm.

"But that must not be," cried our hero, too much moved by excitement to pay attention to Mary's ejaculation. "We must be off in an hour—now—as soon as possible. Stop for nothing!"

"But the fish are not half aboard," urged the man.

"Then let them go. Sell them to us. I will pay you full price for them, and leave them here into the bargain. What are they worth?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Then off you go without them, and I will give you the fifty dollars twice over. Come—up with your crew, and get under weigh as soon as possible!"

"Then it was to-night you meant, after all," muttered the fisherman, apparently in a brown study.

"Of course it was; and if you had not been a most unmitigated— But don't stand there talking. Have us at sea in one hour, and at Caracas as soon as possible afterwards, and you shall have six golden doubloons in your hand. Now start."

Paul was excited, and he spoke wildly and vehemently, but the six broad gold pieces did the job. The fisherman promised to start at once, and do his best. He had only to put on his boots and cap, for it seems he had turned in with the rest of his clothing on, and as soon as this was accomplished he started out. In fifteen minutes he had aroused the four men who were to accompany him, and having told them of the young man's offer, they agreed at once to start immediately without waiting for any more load. So they made a hasty preparation, and then proceeded to the pier where the lugger lay, Paul hurrying them up, and resolving to take the command upon himself, until they had got clear of the bay at all events, for the fishermen were not the most quick-witted men in the world, nor were their motions calculated to inspire one with the most exalted ideas of their physical aptitude for overcoming obstacles against time.

But it was not such an easy job to get the lugger underweigh as Paul had thought, and for the very good reason that she was aground! The tide was out, and the clumsy vessel was surely three feet short of floating! Here was a dilemma. The anxious, impatient youth could contain himself no longer, and he poured out his bitter indignation upon the heads of the fishermen; but they couldn't help it, and when they came, very mildly, to inform him that his finding so much fault would never help the lugger off, he felt ashamed of his hot speech, and became more calm. It soon became evident to him that there was but one thing to do, and that was, to wait for the tide, for there were not men enough about to haul her off at present.

Those were painful moments to Paul. There he stood, or rather walked, upon the pier, and thought of how all this might have been avoided.

"O!" he uttered to Mary, at the same time clasping his hands in agony, "if those dolts had possessed the sense of a common sheep, all this might have been obviated, and we should now—at this moment—have been away. We should have been free! O, 'tis too bad! too bad! See how slowly the sluggish tide comes in. Not yet an inch gained!"

"O, yes, Paul," remonstrated the more patient girl; "it has risen over a foot."

"And that is not over a third of the rise we need. Nearly two hours more must we remain here. O, why were not those clowns made with brains!"

And then Paul walked away to the opposite side of the rough pier and back again; and this he repeated many times. Ever and anon he would stop and look at the water where it gathered about the rudder of the lugger, and he wondered why it did not rise faster. Every moment seemed an hour to him, and the lazy element appeared to gain nothing.

But the water was not to be forever in rising, and at length the rudder was covered, and in a few moments more, the old lugger began to right up. The moon had now risen, and it was quite light, for the clouds had all broken away. Paul helped Mary on board, and then conducted her below where there was a rude sort of cuddy partitioned off for the sleeping quarters of the crew, and this he had secured for Mary's own use, having planned to sleep himself on deck under some mats which the fishermen promised to provide. The youth found this cuddy not a very inviting place to a person of cleanly habits, but that was no objection now. However, he selected the best bunk he could find, and then set about arranging the scanty bedding so that Mary might take as much physical comfort as possible. Thus he was engaged when the men on deck began to gather in the shore fasts, and he knew from the feeling of the vessel that she was very near afloat, for he could hear her keel grate upon the sand.

"We shall be off ere long," he said to his companion. "Now you lay down here and get some sleep if you can, and I will go on deck and help get the old thing off. You will—"

"What was that?" uttered Mary, breaking in upon her lover's speech.

"What did you hear?" asked Paul, who, having at that moment been shaking the bed while he spoke, had heard nothing.

"I heard a voice—some one hailing the vessel, I thought," answered Mary, turning pale.

Paul leaped upon deck, and a sight met his gaze that made his heart stand still. A dozen men were standing upon the pier, directly alongside the lugger, and in advance of the rest, he saw the short, square, heavy form of Marl Laroon!

"Ah, my dear boy," cried the pirate captain, leaping on board as he spoke, and at the same time motioning for his men to follow him, "we have met once more. You have no idea how anxious I have been."

"Back! back, sir!" uttered the youth, drawing a pistol from his bosom as he spoke. "Lay a hand upon me and you shall die!"

"What—would ye shoot your own father?" said Laroon.

"Ay—if you were that father. But there is no need of speaking that falsehood more. Leave me to myself."

"But I dare not do it, my boy," returned the pirate, in a mocking tone. "I wouldn't be safe to allow such a hair-brained fellow to run loose yet awhile. And besides, you are wanted on board the brig."

"Back! Lay but a finger upon—"

Before Paul could finish his sentence he was seized from behind, his pistol taken from him, and his arms pinioned. Some of the men had come up back of him without his notice. As soon as this was done, Marl Laroon started for the companionway and disappeared down the ladder, and in a moment more there came a sharp, wild cry up from the cabin. Paul started, and with his feet he knocked down two of the men, but he could do no more, and while he was yet struggling, the captain re-appeared, leading Mary by the arm.

"Now, my son," he said, as he came near to where Paul stood, "we will be on our way back, for you have been away long enough. Don't you begin to feel homesick?"

The youth was now too disgusted to speak. He had wit enough to see what caused Marl's lightness of manner. The captain had evidently been fearing that they were gone past catching, and thus to come upon them so easily raised his spirits.

"Paul," spoke the maiden, in tones of almost fearful calmness, "there is a God! Forget him not!"

The pirate had something upon his tongue to say, but he kept it to himself. He led Mary from the deck of the lugger, and his followers went after him with Paul. Laroon spoke a few words with the fishermen, and then turned up towards a clump of cocoa-trees, where a number of horses were hitched. He spoke no more until he had reached the horses, and then he said only enough to inform those who guarded Paul, how they were to dispose of him. During this time our hero had been wondering how this all came about. Either the boat's crew must have been discovered—or Laroon must have gone up to the castle—or Burnington must have turned traitor. He disliked to think this last thing, and yet it would hold the most prominent place in his mind.

"Look ye, Paul," uttered the pirate captain, after he had assisted Mary to the back of his horse, "where is your boat, and the men you had with you?"

The youth hesitated a moment, but he quickly understood that if he did not answer this question plainly his boatmen might have to suffer, so he answered:

"They are waiting where I left them, I suppose."

"Then they were to wait for you, ch?"

"I told them to wait for me until daylight, and that if I did not return then, they might go on board."

"Very considerate, to be sure," responded Marl, with a bitter sneer. He asked no more, and would have ridden off at once, had not Paul detained him.

"Unbind me," said the youth. "I shall not try to escape alone."

The captain pondered upon it a few moments, and then gave directions for unbinding the "boy's" hands. This was done, and then the pirate chieftain started on, and in a moment more his men followed him, Paul riding the horse he had come down on, and which had joined the others as soon as they had been left by the cocoa-trees. For some distance not a word was spoken. Paul rode by the side of Philip Storms, the second lieutenant, and he knew this officer to be friendly to him.

"Storms," he said, as soon as he was sure no one else would hear him, "at what time did the captain leave the brig?"

The lieutenant hesitated.

"Do not fear to trust me," urged the youth, "for I give you my word that whatever you may say shall never be used to your prejudice. Tell me, if you know?"

"You will not mention that I told you anything?"

"Never."

"Well, he left about nine o'clock."

"And when did he return for you?"

"He took us with him."

"Ha!" uttered Paul, starting. "Then he knew of my flight at that time?"

"Yes."

"Then Buffo Burnington has betrayed me!"

"Why—did you trust that man with your secret?"

"Yes. I thought he was my friend."

"Then you were most wofully deceived. He was in the cabin all the evening, and once, when I slipped in upon them, he was showing the captain a letter. I only saw that it was written with a pencil."

"That was mine!" gasped Paul. "O, fool—dolt—that I have been!"

Again the youth wished that he had never written that letter; but now the wish came with different feelings from those he experienced before. But it was now too late indeed!

When they reached the clearing where the horses had been kept, the day was just breaking, and it was soon evident that the captain was going to the brig, for he turned into the path which led that way. And so it proved, for just as the sun made its appearance over the high headland of the cape the party had stopped upon the beach opposite to where the brig lay, and Laroon made a signal for a boat. Just then, too, the other boat made its appearance, just coming in sight around a curve in the river, and both parties reached the brig at about the same time. The four men who had come from their night's watch by the river's bank, were not a little surprised at seeing their young master thus brought back to the brig. They reported themselves to the first lieutenant, however, who had charge of the deck, and he bade them remain by the mast until the captain could see them. Laroon as that moment came up, and turning to the cockswain of the boat, he asked him where he had been all night?

"Been waitin' for Mr. Paul, sir," replied the old salt.

"Very well—that'll do."

So the boatmen went forward, while the captain turned in the opposite direction, leading Mary, who still wore her sailor's suit, by the hand. The maiden's bundle of clothing had been brought along, and she was conducted to a state-room, and there bid to resume her own garb.

CHAPTER XIV.

A STARTLING REVELATION.

Paul walked moodily up and down the larboard side of the quarter-deck, and no one came there to trouble him. Pirates though they were who surrounded him, yet he could see that most of them sympathized with him in his distress. He could see it in their looks and actions. Once he had seen Buffo Burnington since he had returned, but it was only for a moment. That individual had come up the fore hatch, but upon seeing Paul on deck he went immediately back. That alone would have been enough to convince the young man that Burnington was the betrayer. Of course he felt the most utter contempt and indignation towards the dark looking man, but yet he could not see through the whole of it. There was much of curiosity yet in his mind, though he had lost sight of it for awhile during the time when the first shock of the betrayal was upon him. He remembered the time when that strange man had saved his life—he remembered the letter he had helped get off to Caracas—and other things he remembered which excited much besides anger in his bosom. But that Burnington was a villain and a traitor he felt confident. The young man was walking thus when the steward came and told him the captain would see him in the cabin.

Paul at once obeyed the summons, and when he entered the cabin he found Mary there habited in her own garb, and looking very pale. She had been weeping, for her eyes were red, but there were no traces of tears upon her cheeks. She sat away in one corner, but when Paul came in she quickly arose and went to meet him.

"Stop," said the pirate captain. "You may be seated together, if you wish."

Accordingly Paul sat down upon the softly cushioned seat which extended all around the cabin save where the state-room doors broke it, and the maiden sat down by his side. He looked into Laroon's face, and he found an expression there which it was beyond his power to translate. But Marl left him not long for study.

"Paul," he said, speaking very calmly and candidly, but yet revealing something in his black eyes which gave the lie to his manner, "I have sent for you to let you into a secret which I meant ever to have kept from you. You may think that I have never loved you—that I have never cared for you more than for any other man or boy who may have been under me. How is it?"

"I have judged you, sir, only from what I could see," returned the youth, and he spoke somewhat harshly, for he liked not that demoniac fire which burned in his commander's eyes.

"Act what have you seen?"

"That you would curse me if you could."

"You are honest, but not very truthful. However, let that pass. Now why have you wished to flee from me?"

"Because I loathe the life I am here forced to lead."

"Being a subaltern, you mean?"

"No, sir. I allude to the profession you follow. I allude to the dark, condemning crime that surrounds me on every hand, and the atmosphere of which I am forced to breathe."

"Ah, you fear the gallows—to speak plainly."

"No, sir. I fear my God, and my own soul."

"Well, perhaps you do. But now tell me why you would have taken Mary with you?"

"For the self same reason on her part."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You should know what I mean, sir," returned Paul, elevating his voice, and speaking proudly. "Ask yourself what I mean?"

A flush of anger passed over the pirate's face, and his eye burned with a keener fire, for he knew the bearing of this allusion. But he quickly overcame the emotion.

"Speak within bounds, sir," he said, "or you may fare worse. You will find it well in life not to stand too much upon your superiority of virtue, when by so doing you tread upon those who are your superiors in everything else. I merely give you this as a hint. I have known people to *die of just such a complaint!*"

There was something in the tone and manner in which these last words were spoken, that carried to Paul's mind the conviction that Marl Laroon would take his life without much hesitation if he felt in the mood. But his spirit was not broken, though he resolved to be more careful in his language, and not provoke the villain's anger foolishly. The captain evidently saw the effect his words had produced, for he soon resumed:

"We understand each other now I think, and may proceed. If I understand you, you mean to say that Mary wished to accompany you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mary, was this movement made at your own expressed wish?"

"Yes, sir," the trembling girl timidly answered.

"Now, Paul, I come to the main question: What did you mean to do with your charge after you had got clear?"

"I meant to place her in a position where she could have been contented and happy."

"I supposed that was your intent, but how did you mean to do this?"

"That, sir, we had left to the future. We had only planned to get away."

"Ah, that's it? Then you had not planned for anything else?"

"Nothing definite."

"Had you not planned to make this girl your wife?"

Paul hesitated a little before he answered this question.

"Answer me," said Laroon.

"I had, sir."

"And Mary had consented to become your wife?"

"She can answer that."

"How is it, Mary?"

"I had consented, sir," she replied, frankly.

"And you love each other even so that you would marry, eh?"

"I do," quickly answered Paul.

"And so do I," fervently added Mary.

"Then I shall never believe in the instincts of nature more," uttered the captain, looking first upon the youth, and then upon the maiden. "Paul," he added, changing his tone to one of deep import, "I have tried to deceive you. *You are not my child.*"

At any other time the young man would have received this announcement with joy, but now a terrible fear struck to his heart, and his brow grew cold with a freezing moisture.

"You are no child of mine, and no relation save by adoption," resumed Laroon. "Your father died when you were only three years old—or rather nearer to four. Your real name is—DELANEY!"

"*Delaney!*" gasped Paul.

"Ay," returned the pirate, while a grim smile played upon his dark features. "You bear the same name as does Mary—so if you should ever marry her, there would be no change of names. Curious, isn't it?"

"Go on," gasped Paul, paying no attention to this last fling.

"It's all told in a very few words," the pirate captain resumed. "*Mary is your sister!*"

"Merciful Heavens! it cannot be!" cried the stricken youth, clasping his hands in agony. To have found a noble sister under any other circumstances would have been a heavenly joy, but to find a sister in Mary Delaney was to strike a dagger to his very soul. It was to tear out the heart which had become all filled with a holier, warmer love, and throw it bleeding away. A sister's love is a holy thing, but O, it cannot replace that powerful, all-absorbing affection which binds the two hearts that are to be but one for life in everything of earth and heaven.

"You do not speak truly now," the youth said, in a low, mournful tone, as though he would implore the dark man to unsay those fatal words.

"I never spoke more truly in my life," returned Laroon. "She is your own sister. You had but one father and but one mother, though the father died some months before Mary was born."

"And why was I never told of this before?" Paul asked.

"Because I felt it to be for my interest, when I first took you, to claim you for a son. I hoped you would be more obedient, and having once told you that, I did not choose to give myself the lie without some strong cause for it; and that cause has now most surely come. You see what a state you came near being led into. But you don't seem very happy at having found a sister. How is it with you, Mary? Are you not glad you have found a brother?"

The maiden gazed up into her interlocutor's face, but she did not speak. Her face had turned now to an ashy pallor, and her hands were moving about her throat and bosom as though there were a sense of oppression there. Paul thought he heard a gurgling in her throat, and on the next instant her eyes began to glare wildly at himself. He threw his arms about her, and as he did so, she sank upon his bosom like a corpse. He quickly laid her back upon the seat and rushed for his medicine chest, and obtained a bottle of liquid ammonia. By this time the captain was on hand, and he entered into the work of resuscitation with a will. Cold water was brought, and her brow and temples bathed, while her hands were chafed, and ever and anon Paul held the ammonia to her nose.

The maiden possessed a strong and perfect organization, and ere long she revived, but she was too weak to converse. For awhile her pulse beat very slowly and irregularly, but ere long its velocity increased, and finally it beat with extreme feverish rapidity.

"She must be removed to the castle immediately," said Paul, "for I fear a fever will set in upon this, and this is no place for her to be sick in."

"Do you really think there is danger of a fever?" asked the captain, now speaking earnestly, and without any of that strangeness which had marked his words thus far.

"She will have one most surely if she remains here," returned the youth, "and she may have one at any rate; but the sooner she is removed the better, for should she be taken down it would then be too late."

Mary showed by her looks how grateful she felt for this interference in her behalf, but she did not speak—she could not then have spoken above a hoarse, painful whisper had she tried. Laroon at once hastened on deck to have a boat called away, and while he was gone, Paul clasped Mary to his bosom.

"Dearest," he whispered, "we may yet be—"

He stopped suddenly, as though some one had struck him, and the pain marks came to his face, for at that moment he remembered that she *was only a sister!*

In a few moments, the captain returned, and bade Paul help him get the maiden ready for going. This was quickly done, and then Laroon took her in his arms as he would have done a child, and carried her on deck.

"Shall not I accompany you?" asked our hero.

"No," was the simple answer.

"But she may need—"

"If she needs more skill than we can find at the castle, we will send for you."

As the captain thus spoke, he proceeded to the gangway, where most of the crew were gathered.

"Back—back—every one of you!" cried Laroon.

All obeyed this order save Buffo Burnington. He crowded nearer up, and as the captain came to the gangway ladder, he said;

"Let me take her, captain, while you go down into the boat, and then I will hand her to you."

Marl had not before thought of the difficulty he should find in descending to the boat with his load, and he quickly gave her into the man's arms. Buffo seized her, and with a quick, excited movement he brushed the hair back from her face and brow, and then, for one moment, he gazed into her face with all the power of outward and inner vision.

"*Mary!*" he uttered, in a low, thrilling tone, "*Mary,*" he repeated, seemingly forgetful of those who stood around, "*look at me.*"

The maiden looked up into those horrid features, but she did not shrink, nor did she tremble, but she seemed, rather, to be fascinated by the devouring gaze that was fixed upon her.

"All ready!" cried Marl.

In an instant Burnington ascended the ladder, and when he had gained the top of the bulwarks he adroitly held his burden with his left arm, and seizing the man-rope with his other hand he descended and deposited the girl safely in the captain's arms. He waited to see the boat off, and then he returned to the deck.

Paul had seen all this strange work on Burnington's part, and he was sorely puzzled. He gazed into those features, and he thought they looked now all kindness and love. And his gaze was returned. For awhile the youth was sorely puzzled. Perhaps, he thought, there might be some mistake after all. Perhaps Burnington did not betray him. He took a few turns up and down the deck, and finally he resolved to call the strange man to the cabin and question him. The first lieutenant had the deck; the old gunner was forward lounging on the bitts, and the second lieutenant he knew would not disturb him, so he should be pretty sure of having the cabin to himself. As soon as he had come to this determination he went to the gangway, where the man yet stood, and touched him upon the shoulder.

"What is it?" asked Buffo.

"Come to the cabin, will you?"

"Certainly."

Paul led the way aft, and the lame man followed. Many of the crew noticed the movement, and many were the nods and sidelong shakes of the head it caused, for all the crew had by this time come to know that there was some mysterious connection between Paul and the one-eyed pirate. They knew, too, by this time, that their captain and Mary Delaney were in the affair, and not a little surmise and discussion had it caused. The most prevalent opinion, among those who had yet expressed any, was, that both Laroon and Burnington had been originally two great villains, and that Paul and Mary were somehow victims of their wickedness. But now Burnington would repair all the wrong if he could—he would atone for the evil he had helped to bring upon the children; and for this purpose—moved to it by remorse—had he come on board the brig!

So guessed the pirate crew, or a part of them, at least; and as the rest saw no explanation more plausible, they accepted this. Some men can guess very near the truth—while others come far from it.

CHAPTER XV.

MORE STRANGE WORK.

THE young surgeon was alone with the man who had occupied so much of his most earnest thought, but the latter evinced no uneasiness or fear. He took a seat opposite the youth, and then appeared to wait for some one to commence the business.

"Burnington," said Paul, as soon as he could sufficiently compose himself to speak calmly, "I have called you here to ask you some serious questions, and I hope you will answer me truly."

"If I answer at all, my answers shall be true ones," returned Buffo, without any show of offence or injured pride.

"You are of course aware that I attempted last night to make my escape from this place and these people?" resumed Paul.

"Of course," answered Burnington, "for you gave me information to that effect."

"And you must be aware, too, that Marl Laroon overtook me?"

"Certainly."

"And is it not reasonable to suppose that some one in whom I reposed confidence betrayed me?"

"I should think so."

"Excuse me for the question, but I must ask it. *Did you betray me?*"

Burnington did not answer this question at once. He gazed first into his interlocutor's face, and then he bent his eyes to the floor.

"Your silence almost amounts to an affirmative answer to me," said Paul, with a spice of bitterness in his manner.

"Very well," returned Burnington, returning Paul's gaze calmly and steadily. "I was thinking, not what answer I should make, but whether any explanation would be of use. I can simply say that *I did betray you.* I showed the captain the letter you gave me—and but for me, you might now have been in Caracoas."

Paul started back and gazed into the dark, distorted features of his companion. Never had that eyeless socket looked so repulsive before, and never before had that whole countenance worn so sinister a look.

"Why did you do this?" the young man at length asked, striving to keep back his anger.

"Because I felt it to be my duty," calmly returned the other.

"And wherein was it your duty?"

"We all have our own ideas of duty, Paul, and perhaps if I were to explain this point you would be no more satisfied than you are now."

"That is enough sir," uttered the youth, rising from his seat. "I thank you for your candor and for your truth, for I shall know now whom to trust. I have nothing more to say."

Without a word, Burnington arose and moved towards the ladder. His step was very slow and heavy, and, in addition to his lameness, he seemed to have an impediment of motion that proceeded from within. Paul could see his face and he could see that there was a sad, unhappy look upon it. In an instant the whole current of his feelings changed.

"Stop—stop one moment," he uttered. "Tell me why you did this thing!"

"Because I meant that you should not leave the brig," answered Buffo, stopping at the foot of the ladder and turning towards his questioner. As he thus spoke, he turned again and moved up the steps. Paul would perhaps have asked more had the man remained, but he would not call him back.

As soon as Burnington was gone our hero commenced to pace up and down the cabin floor, and at the end of half an hour he had fully made up his mind that Buffo Burnington was more ready to serve the interests of the pirate captain than any one else!

It was now dinner time, and Paul was aroused from his reverie by the entrance of the steward who had come to set the table. After dinner the second lieutenant took the deck, while the first lieutenant took twelve men and started off to hunt up more of the horses. With this party Buffo Burnington went, and as we shall have occasion to note something that befel them on their route, we will go with them.

Mr. Langley, the lieutenant, knew all the crooks and turns of the woods where the horses wandered, and as it was now approaching the season when horses were in demand, Laroon wished to get up all that were fit to break and dispose of them; for, as we remarked before, the pirate made much money by the raising of stock on his estate, and the merchants of the neighboring cities knew him only as the owner of the Silver River estate. Many of them knew that he followed the sea some, but they thought he only went to the Atlantic cities to dispose of his effects.

Langley's party were furnished with bridles and lassos, and when they reached the shore, they took their way first to the enclosure where the tame horses were kept. Their first movement was to call the horses together, which was really done by a peculiar whistle, and while they were thus engaged they noticed a man approaching them from the woods. He was a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking person, in the prime of life, and possessing a frame of great muscular power. He came up to where the party stood, and after running his eyes over the men, he evidently selected the lieutenant for the superior.

"Can you tell me," he asked of Mr. Langley, speaking in Spanish, "if Captain Laroon is about here?"

"I think he is at his dwelling," returned the lieutenant, eyeing the stranger sharply.

"And I suppose you are men in his employ?" resumed the new-comer, gazing around upon the party.

"We are at present working for him."

"So I supposed. He has a vessel lying somewhere about here, I believe?"

"He may have, for he owns several."

As Langley made this reply the stranger took off his hat and took therefrom a handkerchief, and after wiping his face with it he returned it to the place from whence he took it, and replaced his hat upon his head. On the next instant there came a crashing sound from the circumjacent wood, and upon looking in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, Langley saw a party of some twenty horsemen dashing towards him.

"What means this, sir?" he uttered, turning to the stranger.

"O, those are friends of mine," was the cool reply.

"Treachery! treachery!" cried the lieutenant, drawing a pistol from his belt. "Beware, my men! Arm! arm!"

Langley's pistol was knocked from his grasp by the stranger, and on the next instant the lieutenant himself was lying prostrate. The rest of the pirate gang would have sprang to his assistance, but by this time the horsemen were upon them, and they had to look to themselves.

"These are our prisoners!" cried the man who had knocked Langley down, addressing the horsemen as they came up. "These are the horse-thieves!"

The struggle was a short one, though one of the pirates escaped, a young, nimble fellow, named Jack Martin. He seemed more inclined to use his legs than his arms, and he got off; but the others were quickly captured, and their arms pinioned behind them. Langley had arisen, and as soon as he could command himself he spoke:

"Why is this?" he asked, turning a flashing look upon his captor. "By what authority do you thus assault quiet people who are about their own business?"

"Ah, that remains to be proved."

"What to be proved?"

"Whether you are now upon your own business," replied the stranger.

Upon this Langley was so enraged that he could not speak, and the leader of the other party resumed:

"But I will tell you the whole truth, and then you can best judge whether any harm can come to you or not. The Governor of Caracas sent us here, and ordered us, if we found any one catching horses here, to take them and bring them to him."

"And do you mean to take us all the way to Caracas?" asked Langley, in a tone of some alarm.

"I do, most surely."

Upon this the prisoners were all mounted and secured in their seats, and then the party started on. It was a strange piece of work, and so suddenly had it come upon them that the pirates knew not what to make of it. But to Caracas they had evidently got to go, and they made the best of it by hoping that horse-stealing would be the only thing brought against them, for they felt sure that they could free themselves from that charge; but there were other things which, should they be brought against them, would rest more heavily upon them.

Buffo Burnington tried to beg off, upon the ground that he had been in the country but a short time, and had been hired to catch horses for Mr. Laroon. He professed to be horrified at the idea of horse-stealing, and assured his captor that he would never have engaged in the work had he dreamed that there was anything wrong connected with it. But his protestations did not save him.

"You were very face gives the lie to your words," said the Spanish officer, with a sarcastic smile. "There—you needn't say any more, for you've got to go; but if you can make Don Pedro believe you, you may get clear."

"And who is Don Pedro?" asked Buffo.

"Don Pedro de Manriquez is governor of Caracas."

Burnington said no more.

In one hour the party had gained the small bay where the fishermen's huts were built, and here was found a small government vessel, on board which both men and horses were soon placed. Shortly afterwards the prisoners were on their way beyond the power of escape, for some of them, thinking that the whole passage, of some ninety to a hundred miles, was to be made by land, had held strong hopes of getting away.

In the meantime Jack Martin had made his way back to the brig, where he had stated the strange event that had transpired. At first the pirates were frightened, fearing that they should all be taken, but when Martin came to assure them that Langley and his men were taken for horse-stealing, their fears were mostly removed.

Paul heard the whole story, and his suspicions at once fell upon Burnington. He remembered the letter he had disposed of, and which was directed to Don Pedro de Manriquez; and he had since learned that de Manriquez was the governor. But he had no idea of what it all meant. It was but another strange link in the mystic chain of circumstance that seemed to bind that dark-visaged man to his present position, and to others about him. If Burnington had been the means of getting these men entrapped, he must have meant something more by it, than their mere apprehension for crime. And if this was the fact, then he must have meant from the first to be taken with them, for he had been very urgent of late to be allowed to accompany the shore parties, professing that it did him much good to roam about on the land.

But Paul's meditations were soon cut short by another cause. It was now near sundown, and just as the youth came up from the cabin, where he had been eating supper all alone—he having taken the deck while the second lieutenant ate—the captain's boat was seen coming down the river as swiftly as the oarsmen could pull. The captain was not there, and our hero's heart sank, for he feared that something ill had befallen Mary.

The cockswain leaped on board the brig as soon as he came alongside, and moving at once up to where Paul stood, he said:

"You must go up to the castle immediately."

"What is it?" breathlessly asked the youth.

"The young lady is worse."

"Do you know how?"

"Fainted again."

Paul rushed to the cabin, and having possessed himself of every kind of medicine that could possibly be wanted, and having also taken his lancets and leeches, he hastened back and descended to the boat, and in a moment more he was on his way up the river.

"Pull, my men! Pull for life!" he cried.

And the stout fellows pulled until the oars bent like reeds, sending the sharp-bowed boat through the water like a dolphin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW MUCH TOBACCO IS USED.

The present annual production of tobacco, is estimated to be 4,000,000,000 pounds! This is all smoked, chewed or snuffed. Suppose it all made into cigars, one hundred to the pound, it would produce 400,000,000,000. Four hundred billions of cigars!

Allowing this tobacco, unmanufactured, to cost on the average ten cents a pound, and we have $400,000,000 expended every year in producing a noxious, deleterious weed. At least one and a half times as much more is required to manufacture it into marketable form, and dispose of it to the consumer. At the very lowest estimate, then, the human family expend, *every year*, one thousand millions of dollars in the gratification of an acquired habit, or one dollar for every man, woman and child, upon the earth!

This sum would build two railroads around the earth, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars per mile, or sixteen railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It would build one hundred thousand churches, costing $10,000 each; or half a million of school-houses, costing $2000 each; or one million of dwellings, costing $1000 each. It would employ one million of preachers, and one million of teachers, giving each a salary of $500. It would support three and one-third millions of young men at college, giving each $300 per annum for expenses. We leave others to fill out the picture. Is this annual outlay to increase or decrease in future? Reader, how much do you contribute to this fund?—*New York Leader.*

A CONSCIENTIOUS DARKY.

An old farmer who feared neither God nor man, had hired a devout negro, and to get some Sunday work out of him, he would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday would put that point to the man's conscience. One morning, old Sambo proved refractory, he would "work no more on Sundays." The master then argued that it was "a case of necessity; that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit on the Sabbath day a beast that had fallen in." "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spend Saturday in *digging de pit for de very purpose!*"—*Grace Branch.*

He who pays well is master of every man's purse.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FLORIBEL.

BY WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE

Life's sunshine glowed within thine azure eye,
Radiant with thought, whose richest tracery
In golden wreaths of love were breathed to me,
In accents low, whenever thou wert nigh.

The flush of health stole o'er thy placid cheek,
Where roses blended with the lily fair;
The brow expanding 'neath soft golden hair—
Fair woman's wealth—so beautiful and meek.

Thy lips a cherub might have deigned to kiss,
Rich, fragrant roses smothered 'neath the dew;
Thy silvery voice—a gift possessed by few,
Ever thrilled my heart-strings with unearthly bliss.

Dark clouds arose: the storm raged fierce and loud,
Disease assailed the casket once so fair;
The fate which all the living soon must share
Was thine—the pall, the coffin, and the shroud.

Rest, rest in peace, may flowers in beauty bloom
Above the place where thou dost sweetly sleep;
Let angels bright their vigils ever keep
And safely guard thy dust within the tomb.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ANNIE AND I.

BY ADA HOWARD.

"THAT blush tells tales! What were you looking at?" said I to my friend, Annie Walters, as I at last caught her eye. It was a warm summer's day, and Annie had thrown open the window of her boudoir to admit the cool breeze which was just springing up. She was sitting in a low rocking-chair, with a light-stand drawn to her side, which supported a large volume of engravings. On the examination of one of these she was so intent, that I stood for some time admiring the pretty picture she made, before she noticed my approach. She seemed completely absorbed in her employment, and her usually pale cheek had acquired a faint tinge of the rose, while her heavy, dark ringlets had become somewhat disordered, and moved hither and thither, at the slightest whisper of the passing breeze.

The windows reached to the floor, and having always preferred such irregular proceedings to more dignified ones, I ever stepped in. The color heightened upon Annie's cheek as she heard my greeting, and she hastily closed the book. "It was merely a picture," she said, with an assumption of indifference, which only piqued my curiosity. I looked at her a moment, and the blush deepened, until her cheeks certainly bore more resemblance to a peony than to a rose.

"Merely a picture!" I said, repeating her words. "Then, of course, you can have no objections to my seeing it? Wont you show it to me?"

"O, it's not anything that you would care to see," she replied. "What are you reading now?"

"I have gone back to Scott—am reading the 'Fair Maid of Perth,'" I said. "I do not need to return your question, since I can ascertain for myself," and I proceeded to a small marble table, on the other side of the room, on which it was her custom to place whatever she might be reading at the time. Considerably to my surprise, and somewhat to my amusement, the romances and poems which I usually found there, had given place to Congressional speeches. Quite a pile of the unbound pamphlets which convey the sentiments of the "fathers of the country" to their numerous children were laid there.

"O, I see!" I exclaimed; "you are an advocate of 'Woman's Rights,' and are perusing these most interesting and profitable documents, in order to qualify yourself for the responsible office of—what shall I call it?—senatress?"

I received no reply, and turning round, judged from Annie's attitude, that she was in a brown study, so I renewed my researches. The first pamphlet was entitled "Speech of Hon. Herbert Allantyn, etc." The second was ditto, and the third ditto; in fact, without entering into detail, the whole pile was ditto! "This looks suspicious," thought I; "I would like to know what this strange change of taste portends." So I brought Annie back from the land of dreams, and seated myself on the carpet at her feet, with the aforesaid book of engravings in my lap.

"Well, Miss Annie," I said, "you would not show me the portrait which so interested you, and I intend to find it for myself."

"You assume that it is a portrait," she interrupted.

"I am tolerably positive upon that point," I replied. "To return; I am going to hold this book in a perpendicular position, and let it fall open, 'of itself,' as children say, and I shall conclude the picture to which it opens, to be the one which absorbed all your faculties awhile ago. Now—hold your breath—here goes!" and I laughed outright, as the portrait of the "Hon. Herbert Allantyn," with his autograph beneath, met my eye. I glanced up at her face; one glance was quite enough, and I took pity upon her confusion, and turned my eyes again to the page before me. She said nothing, unless an involuntary "Why!" could be termed a remark. I held up the speeches which I had taken from her reading-table, saying:

"Put this and that together, Annie! Is the riddle so very hard to read?"

"What nonsense!" she impatiently exclaimed.

"Certainly, I know it is nonsense!" I rejoined. "Why else, should I laugh at it? But I am surprised, that a girl of your reputed good sense should give me any occasion for mirth upon *such a topic!*"

"Do hush!" she said, with the least possible touch of petulance in her clear tone. "I was considering, when you came in, in what way I could tell you, without receiving the benefit of your most provoking, tantalizing laugh. And you need not draw your face down to such a length as that, either! Do behave rationally, for *once!*"

"As you do!" I inquired, gravely.

"Don't interrupt me," returned Annie, "or I shall never tell you! I have had a mind now to keep my own counsel. I believe I should, if

I were not sure that you have half-guessed it already, and will 'twit' me with what you do know till you have all!"

"Excellent reasons!" I said. "You could not give better ones! Do you suppose I do not know that you will allow yourself no peace, till you tell me all the *minutiæ?* Clear your conscience, Annie!"

"I suppose I ought to be ashamed of it, myself, but I am not, not a bit!" she said, musingly. "O, I know you will think it so silly, Ada!"

"Do you know what you remind me of?" I asked. "When I was a child, I had to take a cold shower-bath every morning, and I used to stand and shiver in anticipation, a long time, before venturing to pull the string! It was never half so bad as I expected it to be. Do you understand my illustration, or shall I explain it?"

"Well, at any rate," she said, without answering me, "I suppose it wont seriously injure me if you should laugh at me, especially as I have laughed at myself the last week—"

"The last week!" I exclaimed, in surprise. "You don't mean to say that you have kept this affair to yourself for a *week?* Never heard of such a thing!"

"You will discover, by-and-by, that there are quite a number of things in the world which you never heard of," she graciously replied. "The case is this. Don't tell any one for the world, but I am, I believe—what *you* would call *in love*—with Mr. Allantyn."

"Is that all?" I inquired gravely. "What a parade you have made about a very little thing! I declare, Annie, '*Montes et Mus!*' See with how much better grace I will make *my* confession, and take pattern by me next time. Listen. I am in love with—Dr. Beecher!"

She threw back her head impatiently, and with her glossy ringlets glancing and gleaming in the bright sunlight, exclaimed, in a very determined tone:

"Laugh, if you will, but I shall never marry any one but Mr. Allantyn."

"Precisely!" I said, with an encouraging smile. "I wouldn't—until I had a chance! Good morning; we are getting sentimental, and I always had a horror of that, so again, good-by." And I made my exit through the window, leaving her, apparently undecided, whether to laugh or be provoked.

A week afterwards she danced into my "sanctum," where I sat industriously scribbling, with the information that she was "absolutely going to Washington. Yes, indeed, Ada, I am really going! I came to ask you to go shopping with me to-morrow. You need not look as though you thought me fit to be Don Quixote's Dulcinea either! Aunt Mary wrote yesterday that she wanted me to stay with her while Lizzie is at B——. And, O, Ada, I shall see *him* then!" And the excitable little creature fairly burst into tears. I was not in quite so tantalizing a mood as on the former occasion, and consequently performed the duties of a sympathizing friend with rather better success. We were constantly together during the short time before her departure, and when we separated at the depot, it was with the assurance of corresponding regularly and frequently.

A "young lady's letter." Did you ever receive one, my friend? If not, you have something still to live for. Those numberless, closely-written sheets, crossed and re-crossed, in the daintiest of all dainty handwriting; those oft-recurring expressions of affection; those pleasant allusions to past events, the very mention of which brings up a train of beautiful memories; if you have never, with tearful eyes or merry laugh, read such a letter—write your unhappy condition to me, and I will use my interest with Annie Walters in your behalf. Such epistles as those were which I weekly and sometimes semi-weekly received from Annie! They almost compensated me for her absence. Written just in the free and easy style in which our conversations were usually carried on, those long letters had a strange, nameless charm for me. One thing seemed unaccountable. On every other subject Annie wrote without reserve, but she carefully refrained from any allusion to Mr. Allantyn. I naturally felt a *little* curiosity, but apparently she did not see fit to gratify it. At length, after writing, perhaps, twenty letters of remonstrance, to call them by no harder name, I received the long looked for communication. It is too long for insertion, but I will cull an extract.

"Do you remember," thus it ran, "do you remember, Ada, darling, the promise you long since gave me, to stand beside me while I took my 'leap in the dark,' if ever I should chance to find any one foolish enough to jump with me? I am glad that I am not beside you to see your look of satirical wonder, while I tell you that I now write to claim the fulfilment of your promise. Alas, for the pretty cottage, the drooping willows, and fragrant roses, among which we had promised ourselves to enjoy the remainder of our existence! If you still persist in the plan, the utmost that I can promise, is an occasional visit, and then, you must so far relax your to-be-rigorous ideas of maidenly decorum, as to admit Henry also. I will not promise to endure a separation from him even for the sake of being with you. I shall not tell you how he looks, for we shall hope to meet you at the depot next Tuesday, and then you will see for yourself. I don't think any one could describe him so as to do him justice. I am very sure I could not. But, O, Ada, you do not know, you can form no idea of the intensity of my love for him. He is so handsome, so good, so noble, and, Ada, I know you will like one thing. He wears beautiful, black, curling whiskers, and such a *splendid* pair of moustaches! And he is always so kind and pleasant, too; so different from Mr. Allantyn! O, it was so foolish for me to think that I could ever love him; I should have written about him before, but I thought you deserved a slight punishment for the contemptuous manner you chose to assume when—you know when!

"I was introduced to him at Mrs. Browne's, and I do not know when I have been so disappointed! He is so homely, Ada—that portrait must have been taken before the flood, for he can't have been handsome since! He would be positively ugly, were it not for his eyes (he has splendid eyes) and his hair. He looked me right through, two or three times; I felt him doing it; and in conversation, he has such a way. I was enjoying it very much, and really began to think him quite agreeable, when I discovered that he was finding out, not only just what I knew (which I was indifferent about), but also just what I *didn't* know! I thought if I could only get away from that sofa, I would give him leave to question me as closely as he liked, the next time I remained five minutes in his vicinity! I believe he read my thoughts in my face, for he smiled a sort of an amused smile, and very gracefully and easily changed the subject. I winced a little, as you may imagine, and made my escape as soon as I could do so with a shadow of propriety. I did not feel safe until I was out of the range of those eyes. I fancy I have learned never to judge of a man until I have seen him in '*propria persona.*' I presume you remember the pile of Mr. Allantyn's speeches which I so carelessly left on my reading-table, where I might have known you would have discovered them? I comforted myself with committing them to the flames the next morning. I do not mind his eyes so much, now that I have become more accustomed to them, and I consider him a valuable acquaintance, in spite of his ugly face. I am reminded of my old fear of him sometimes, when he speaks in that very satirical tone, which you are accustomed to use in those un-come at-able moods, generally styled 'blues.'

"By the way, you can indulge in those said blues here, just as much as you choose, for I will promise not to interfere with you. Do you recollect how I used to tease you when you were making preparations to have 'a glorious cry?' How I laughed when I found you perched up in the apple-tree, 'having a capital time,' as you assured me, when I demanded the cause of your tears? I believe I became infected, and 'taking a bough' by your side, united my tears and sighs to yours. That was when we were young, Ada! There will be no occasion for my having the blues in future. I am as happy as 'the day is long.'

"I am so anxious that you should see Henry. He is always pleasant; I never saw his temper ruffled in the least, even when with me, and you remember Aunt Julia used to say, I 'was enough to try the patience of Job!' Besides, he is unusually agreeable in his manners and conversation. One can always understand *him*. I never disliked Mr. Allantyn more, than one evening before he knew we were engaged. He was uncommonly ill-natured, and while we were speaking of Henry, he said, 'Mr. Merwyn comes down to the level of his audience, instead of raising them to an equality with himself.' Was it not unkind? I dislike apologies, and therefore shall make none, for the brevity of my letter; but Henry is waiting to take me out for a drive, so *au revoir* till next Tuesday. We will talk then more, and faster than I can write now.

"ANNIE."

Well, I obeyed orders, and went to Washington, and according to the programme, Annie and Mr. Merwyn met me at the depot. "Henry" was certainly handsome; he had very regular features, and his whiskers and moustaches could not be surpassed; but—he smoked cigars. He was "pleasant," without doubt, since he finished every sentence with a smile, which seemed to fascinate Annie. She was overjoyed to meet me again, and did not seem particularly pleased by the interruption, when addressed by a tall gentlemanly person, whom, after a minute's conversation, carried on in a low tone, she, with a conscious blush, introduced as Mr. Allantyn.

He certainly was not handsome by the side of Mr. Merwyn, but his features, though not regular, had an uncommon charm—expression. His fine, dark hair was brushed off from his high, expansive brow, and his long, silken eyelashes rested upon a cheek of rather a dusky hue. But his eyes were the great charm of his countenance. So large and dark, so soft, and yet so clear—I thought them almost *too* soft at my first glance, until, a few minutes afterwards, I caught the same searching look which had excited Annie's animadversions. I no longer wondered at her fear of him. He certainly seemed to be reading my very thoughts. But this scrutinizing gaze was succeeded by a smile, which seemed made more pleasant by the contrast. He conversed, too,—which few do,—and his conversation was composed of something more than the frivolous trifles which most gentlemen see fit to annoy ladies with. I was pleasantly surprised, and when we parted, concluded that Annie was more foolish in becoming attached to Mr. Merwyn, after seeing him, than in loving Mr. Allantyn, *without* that requisite.

Any one will know the conclusion. Our cottage will remain uninhabited. In spite of Annie's teasings, and comparing two persons, between whom there is, and *can* be, no comparison, I persisted in admiring Herbert, and the same day which greets Annie as "Mrs. Merwyn," will change my name to "Ada Allantyn."

HISTORY OF DANCING.

Dancing is very nearly as old as the world. The Hebrews danced when they emerged from the Red Sea, and about the Golden Calf, which was not their maiden effort. The young maidens of Ilo were enjoying the dance in the field, when they were surprised by the youths of the tribe of Benjamin, and carried off by force, according to the counsel of the elders of Israel; David danced before the Ark; Socrates learned dancing from Aspasia; the soldiers of Crete and of Sparta went dancing into an assault. But we will leave this point of animated archæology to be resolved by others. I will only inform you, as we pass on, that dancing probably originated in certain gestures which indicated pain, joy—as music was born of certain analogous sounds. Plato, Socrates, Lycurgus, and others, held dancing in great veneration. We are further informed that in old Chinese books, dancing and music are described as the two most important departments of public affairs. Under the Romans, however, dancing had degenerated; and we are reminded that Cicero addressed a grave reproach to the Consul Gabinus for having sported "a light fantastic toe." Then, did not Sallust reproach Sempronia, a Roman lady, because she danced too well for an honest woman.—*M. Fertinult's History of Dancing.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY WM. A. STEWART.

The sweet days of childhood, so happy and bright,
How memory lingers around those fond scenes,
When each passing moment was crowned with delight,
And the future seemed happier still in our dreams.

The season of youth too, forever has past,
And with it the hopes fondly cherished, and fears
That at times o'er my heart a deep sadness had cast,
How vivid each scene to my memory appears.

Ah, thrice happy days, I can revel no more
In your joys and your pastimes—those dreams are now past;
Those beautiful fairy-like visions are o'er—
The future with different scenes is o'ercast.

As the years swiftly roll, and I heedlessly rove,
Through the pathway of life will my heart often burn;
When I dwell on the beautiful maid whom I love,
Days of bliss were renewed, if but loved in return.

O, that mine were the fond one on whom every charm
Kind Nature in all her profusion bestows;
Whose heart with the holiest affection is warm,
On whose cheek is the innocent blush of the rose.

Ah, who is the fair one, so pure, so divine,
So lovely and cheerful—so gentle and free;
In whom all the virtues and graces combine—
Would you know, dearest maid? Ah, perhaps it is thee!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

JERRY PLUM'S SCHOONER MEETS A PIRATE.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY HENRY MARTIN.

JEREMIAH PLUM was a native of Maine, and owned a staunch schooner of some two hundred tons burden. With this schooner he made not only a good living, but he was laying up something for his boys. Of this latter article he owned six, and all of them were stout, active fellows, who promised to be ornaments to the social circle in which Captain Plum moved. But he wasn't often called by his family name in his native town, for he had a brother who was also a captain—so our skipper went by the name of Captain Jerry. His business had been mostly confined to the New England coast, but yet he could navigate well, and when sufficient inducement was offered, he would run his schooner anywhere, provided he could find "ten foot of water."

One spring Jerry received proposals to go South. A company in Portland wished to send a lot of shooks to Havana, and an agent from St. Johns had a lot of clothing which he wished to forward to New Orleans; said clothing consisting of blue woollen shirts, coarse hempen trowsers, and the common plaid Scotch caps—it being intended for the wear of the slaves. Jerry waited until he could be made sure of having a cargo back, and then he promised to go. His freight home was to be molasses and sugar.

In due time the old schooner was loaded, the shooks being stowed away first, and the clothing on top. Our skipper was now about fifty years of age, and he had no help on board save his own sons, four of whom sailed with him. Daniel was the oldest boy, having seen four-and-twenty years of life. Israel came next, at twenty-two. Seth stood next at nineteen, and last came Zachariah, who was only fourteen. They were stout, rugged boys, but Zack, the youngest of the crew—there were two younger at home—was the "chip of the old block." He was "father all over," save in years. He had the same brilliant hair—the same sparkling gray eyes, the same comical looking nose, the same uneasy lips, and the same prominent, unique chin.

The "Betsey Ellen," for so the schooner was called, was not only a staunch craft, but she was a neat one, too, and had a peculiar, rakish look when compared with the more staid coasters that generally kept her company; and she might have been a remarkable sailer had she been as sharp under water as she looked to be out. But she had been built for strength and buoyancy, and consequently she was rather broad under the bends for a swift cruiser. But Jerry Plum had an eye to neatness, and at a short distance, without any deck-load, the Betsey Ellen, with her painted ports and her clean sides, and her straight bowsprit, and tall, raking masts, might have passed for a "suspicious looking craft."

In due time the schooner was cleared, and with a fine breeze she left the headland of Cape Elizabeth behind her, and during the following seven days, she was able to keep her course with a fair log. It was on the morning of the eighth day that Zack, who was at the mast-head, made out a sail to the southward. The schooner was now not over a hundred miles north of the Bahamas, and running a course only about a point west of south. In the course of an hour the strange sail was near enough to be known for a rather clumsy looking brig, and in another half hour, she was near enough to speak. As soon as the captain of the brig learned that the schooner was bound to Havana, he announced his intention of lowering his boat, as he had letters he wished to send back. So the schooner was laid by the wind with her main boom lashed to windward, and ere long the captain of the brig was on board. He greeted Jerry Plum very cordially, and also the younger Plums, and then he presented a package of letters which he wished to send to Havana.

"How's your spunk?" asked the captain of the brig, whose name was Williams.

"Good," returned Jerry. "But why?"

"Because you may meet a pirate before you reach Havana."

"Eh!" uttered Jerry, on whose ears the word pirate, struck with a jarring sound. "What dy'e mean?"

"I mean just what I say. Yesterday morning the infernal villain gave me chase."

"An' did you run away from 'im?" asked Jerry, eyeing the stumpy brig rather dubiously.

"Not exactly. You see just as we were making up our minds to die within the next hour, a barque hove in sight to the east'rd—I s'pose an Englishman—an' the bloody rascal left us an' hauled his wind for the bigger craft; so we clapped on everything, and ran away as fast as possible. And d'ye know," continued Williams, with a comical leer, "that I almost concluded to run away from you."

"Eh!"

"You look kind o' rakish."

"Yes—but about this pirate. What kind of a lookin' chap is he?"

"Topsail schooner—black hull—and you'll know her by her fore-topsail. It is an old sail with a new piece, or two new pieces, right in the bunt, in the shape of a cross. By the holy Moses, but it's lucky for me that that barque hove in sight, for they say these pirates murder all the crews they overhaul."

And with this piece of intelligence, Captain Williams returned to his brig and the Betsey Ellen once more stood on her course. But Captain Jerry Plum was uneasy. He had no particular wish to meet one of those West India pirates, for he had always heard of them as bloody, ruthless men. And if said pirate was in those waters, would she not be likely to discover the Betsey Ellen? And if she did make the discovery, would she not be likely to give chase? And if she gave chase, would she not overhaul her? And in this latter state of the case poor Jerry saw nothing but himself and four noble boys with their throats cut from ear to ear!

"Perhaps they wont see us," suggested Daniel, more for the purpose of quieting his parent than for anything else.

"And perhaps they will," returned the old man, sadly. "Tisn't for myself 'at I care—not a bit. But to see my own noble boys chopped up before my very eyes!"

"But s'pose'n they should chop us all up at wunst?" suggested the boy, with a beaming look, as though he had discovered a wondrous source of hopeful consolation.

Even the old man could not help smiling at the comical earnestness with which this was said, and for a while, the subject of the pirates was dropped; but yet it was plain enough to see that the matter was not forgotten.

All the rest of that day Zack said but very little, his eyes being most of the time bent towards the deck, and his hands thrust down into his pockets. There were clouds on board the Betsey Ellen that day, though the heavens were as clear as ever. Captain Plum moved in a cloud, and so did Daniel, and Israel, and Seth. With regard to Zack, his mind seemed very busy, but his face did not show any such fears as dwelt on the rest of the crew.

During the night the wind was light and baffling, but on the following morning it came out from the north'rd and east'rd, and blew quite a respectable breeze. As soon as the sun rose, all hands commenced a keen lookout. But Zack had the quickest eyes, for at about nine o'clock he discovered a sail to the south'rd and east'rd. He hastened down to the cabin and got his father's glass, and then went back again to the masthead, and at the end of half an hour he came down. He looked around on his father and brothers, but did not seem inclined to break the silence.

"What is it, Zack?" asked the old man.

"It's the pirate," answered Zack, without betraying any kind of emotion.

"Are you sure?" asked Daniel.

"Sartin," responded the boy. "She's a torpsl'l schooner, an' carries jes' the rig 'at Captain Williams said she did. I'm sartin on't."

"But d'ye think she'll make us out?" asked the old man.

"She's comin' right this way, with all sail set."

"And what can we do?" groaned the skipper, gazing around on his sons with a show of such grief, that they felt more for him than for themselves. "We've just got one rifle, an' one old musket. If they give us chase, we are gone, as sure as fate."

"Ay," exclaimed Daniel, who had taken the glass and turned it upon the coming vessel. "There's the same fore-topsail 'at Williams described, an' no mistake."

The old man looked next, and then Israel followed suit, and they were satisfied that 'twas the pirate. There were some moments of silence, during which Seth, who had the helm, let the schooner come up several points away from her course.

"Now look a' here," spoke Zack, with perfect coolness. "We've got to do som'thin, an' we might jes' as well go the whole hog as any way. S'pose'n we frighten the 'tarnal sneaks?"

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"Eh! How's that?"

"Why," resumed the boy, with a keen, calculating look, "we have plenty of clothes aboard, an' why can't we dress up a lot of them shooks? Jes' take them shooks, an' put a shirt an' a cap on to 'em, an' I guess they'll look enuff like men a leetle ways off, eh?"

For some moments not a word was spoken. At length the whole of Zack's idea worked its way through the old man's mind, and then he sprang forward and caught his boy in his arms.

"Zack," he cried, with a bursting forth of joyous hope, "you've hit the mark exactly. We'll do it—we'll do it. It's a bold push, but it's the only one we can make."

The idea was now quickly understood, and all hands set to work with a will—all save Seth, who still kept the helm. First, fifty shooks were brought on deck. They were just the things for the purpose, being between four and five feet high, and just about as large around as a human body. Next a box of shirts was broken open, and then a box of caps. Each shook was habited in a shirt and cap, and then the whole were arranged along by the rail. But Zack was not yet satisfied. The pirate was not yet near enough to notice what was going on, and twenty more shooks were brought up, carefully dressed, and then stood up about the masts and booms.

"There," uttered Zack, as he went clear aft to the taffrail, and viewed the result of the work. "May I be blamed if them don't look like men here. Now let her slide, dad. Slap on all sail, an' make rite for 'em, an' I'll bet my old boots 'at they turn tail an' run."

That was the only way, and with a fervent prayer that the plan might succeed, the old man gave a pull upon the sheets, put the helm down, and stood off towards the coming craft. Meanwhile, Zack took the glass and went aloft again, and ere long he could distinctly make out the complexion of the stranger's deck. The glass was a large, perfect and powerful one, it having been a present to Jerry Plum from the crew of a ship he had taken off in a season of utmost peril. So perhaps Zack made out the deck of the stranger before the same thing could be done by the other, and when he had seen all, he came down.

"No mistake about it," he said, as he jumped from the rail upon the deck. "She's a pirate. She's got a long brass gun amidships, an' some more on her sides; an' her men are all on deck—a grist on 'em, but they haint got so many as we have, not by a darned sight."

That the stranger was a pirate, there was no longer any doubt, and the only doubt in Jerry Plum's mind was, whether the pirate would run. The vessels were now within three miles of each other, and of course shortening the distance fast. These were moments of intense anxiety to Jerry Plum. He gazed around on his boys, and then off upon the pirate, and then he cast his eyes wistfully on the senseless images of wood and woollen that stood so thickly upon his deck—and in that look he seemed to pray that they might become men indeed, if need be.

"Would you up helm and run?" uttered Seth, who was becoming nervous—painfully so.

"If we do, we are gone for sartin," quickly answered Zack.

"But what's the use? Then—"

"Look at that! Look at that!" yelled Zack, leaping up and clapping his hand. "Just look at that!"

At this outburst all hands looked from Zack to the pirate. The sheets of the latter were being eased off, and her head was gradually wearing around to the south'rd. Soon she gibed her main boom, hauled over her fore sheet, and ere many moments she was running away to the south'rd and east'rd, under all the sail she could set.

"There, now," uttered Zack, with a look of unutterable pride.

"The work is done," said the old man, with a glow of pleasure on his weather-beaten face.

And so it was. For five hours the Betsey Ellen was kept upon the chase, and at the end of that time the pirate was almost out of sight, showing only a little speck of white where her lofty sails rested on the distant horizon. Then the schooner was put upon her true course again, and her wooden crew sent below, and in due time she reached Havana where Jerry left his shooks.

The run to New Orleans was made without difficulty, though it was a good month before the schooner got back to Havana after her cargo of molasses.

"Dad," said Zachariah, on the next morning after they entered the harbor, at the same time pointing off to where lay a long, low, black-hulled topsail schooner, "haint we seed that ere craft afore?"

"Why, bless me, Zack, that looks like the pirate."

And so it proved to be, for ere long afterwards, they were informed by some of the officers that the pirate vessel and crew had been brought in a week before by one of the Cuban cruisers. Zack would have given a great sum to have seen those pirates, and been permitted to explain to them how they had run away from three score and-ten Yankee shooks only capped and shirted. But they were in a safe prison, and Zack had to leave the pleasure untasted. However, that didn't detract from the thankfulness of his escape, nor did it abate one whit of the joyful gratitude which his father and brothers lavished upon him for the wit he had served them with, even unto the salvation of their lives.

FORTUNE'S REVERSES.

Col. Sutter, the Californian pioneer, who was a rich man before the gold discovery, and has since been worth millions, is now in almost destitute circumstances. His own guileless, trusting nature, and the villany of agents, have been the cause of his ruin. After heavy losses he had still a large property left, which, by careful husbandry and strict business man-gement, might have brought him a competency for his declining years. He placed this remnant of his stupendous fortune in the charge of his son, and retired to "Hock Farm," his pleasant homestead, to await the result. The son proved traitor to his father's interests, and by a cruel act, as base and unfilial as those which stripped poor old Lear of home and shelter, this last remaining portion was diverted from the possession of the fond, fond parent, and he finds himself now, with one foot in the grave, houseless, a wanderer over the great territory that once was his, and doubly cursed in man's ingratitude and his offspring's cruelty.—*New York Sun.*

A YOUNG HUSBAND.

On making a call the other day at the house of the American missionary in Jerusalem, I saw a little boy in the Turkish costume, sitting on a sofa. My first thought was, "what an enormous turban that boy has on," and my second, "how very small he is!" Judge of my surprise when I found he was a husband; he being little more than ten years old, and his wife not quite nine! Truly this is beginning life young. And this reminds me that a friend of ours saw an Armenian lady in Alexandria, who, though but twenty-six years of age, was a grandmother! This goes quite beyond early marriages in the United States.—*Mrs. Eames' Travels in Egypt.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MOUNTAINEER'S RETURN.

BY WM. ROWLAND, JR.

Back, back to the hills,
Where the wild deer is bounding,
To the forest and glens
Where the blue streams are sounding.
No more of the city,
No more of the plains,
O, welcome the breath
Of the mountain again.

I have sighed, I have pined,
For my own mountain home,
Till hope died within me,
I come, now I come.
O bitter is exile,
When mourning is vain;
But it doubles the transport
Of meeting again.

I come, and O chide not
The absent so long,
If his spirit unceased,
Spread its pinions in song.
It has burst from its prison
Hath broken its chain,
Now welcome the free winds
And mountains again.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LAND PASSAGE.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

I HAD disposed of my American cargo and taken in a load of fruits and wines at Messina, in Sicily, for the States. My owners had an agent, or consignee in Toulon, and thither I was to go and get a sum of money that he had in his hands belonging to our American company. A month before, while stopping a day at Gibraltar on my inward passage to the Mediterranean, I had despatched a letter to M. Paul Guettard, by a French steamer bound direct for Toulon, and in that note I informed him that I should call on him for the money on my return. As soon as my cargo was all on board, I sailed for Toulon, where I was admitted without quarantine; but I found that Mr. Guettard was not there. He had left a note for me, however, in which he informed that sickness prevented his meeting me as I had requested. He was at Brignolle, a town some twenty miles back in the country to the northward and eastward, and in his letter he informed that there was no one in Toulon with whom he could have well left the business, and that if I would come to Brignolle, he would let me have the money, though he should be obliged to give me a draft on a house in Marseilles for a part of it.

I knew that it was my duty to get the money, for our company needed it, though I did not fancy this land-passage at all. However, there was no help for it, so I made up my mind to go. If I was to have a draft to be cashed at Marseilles, then of course I should have to visit that city also, and as Marseilles was nearer to Brignolle than was Toulon, I thought it a waste of time and travel to rejoin my ship in the latter place, so I got a "clean bill of health" from the quarantine officer, or physician, and having given it to my mate, I directed him to take the ship around to Marseilles, and there wait for me.

This being done I went to the police office to get a passport to Marseilles by the way of Brignolle. There were a number of men in the office when I entered, but I took little notice of them save to remark in my own thoughts that two or three of them were rather hard looking customers.

When it came my turn I stepped up to the desk and had to give the officer a full account of my business—how long I meant to be on the road—what baggage I had, and so on. When I had answered all his questions, he filed me out a passport, for which I had to pay him two francs. When I turned around to come out, a gen d'armes who stood close by the desk, said:

"If you are going to travel with much money, you had better keep your eyes open."

I assured him that I was not in the habit of travelling with my eyes shut, and then I left the office. It was nearly noon when I reached the diligence office, and I found that no coach would leave for Brignolle until the noon of the next day. Now I wanted to be in Marseilles the next day, and I was determined not to wait there and waste my time. I hurried down to the landing and found that the ship was just heaving up her anchor, so I ordered a boat and went off. I went to my locker and took out a hundred dollars, and then having given my mate orders to proceed at once in getting underweigh, I went back to the town. With the money I had thus obtained, I bought me a powerful horse, having made up my mind that I would be master of my own conveyance, to the end of my journey, and knowing that I could sell my horse there without sacrificing at most more than would have been the expense of diligence travel. I got me a noble animal for the hundred dollars—fair horses could have been bought for less than one half that sum—but such a horse would sell quickest at Marseilles, and what was of more consequence to me, serve me better on the road.

I went back to the office and had my passport altered—for the French are outrageously particular in these matters—so that I could make my passage on horseback instead of by diligence, and this done I got my dinner and set off. I found Brignolle situated among the mountains, a bustling, busy place, with some nine thousand inhabitants, and literally wooded with prune trees. It was five o'clock when I reached the place, and I found that M. Paul Guettard had gone to Castelane, a town on the southern confines of the Lower Alps, and that he would not return before the next day. But his people knew me, as soon as I had stated my business, and I was directed to make myself at home in his house until his return.

On the next morning I arose early and took a turn through the town. At noon M. Guettard had not come. I was anxious and uneasy, for I was losing time that was much needed elsewhere. At three o'clock he made his appearance. He looked pale and thin, and was truly an invalid. He was glad to see me, and as soon as he had taken some simple refreshment, he sat down to attend to my business. It was after four o'clock then. He overhauled all his accounts and made duplicates of the substance of them. I urged him to hurry, for it was growing late. He told me I must remain with him over night, but I assured him that I should not sleep until I was on board my own ship. He hurried with the business, and at half-past six I had the money and draft in my possession. I had just one thousand dollars in gold, and a draft on a banking-house in Marseilles for four thousand more.

Various small affairs, such as supper, a repetition of the business from the agent, and such matters, kept me until seven o'clock, at which time the sun was about half an hour high. M. Guettard tried again to have me remain with him until morning, and to that end he assured me that I should catch a storm before I reached Marseilles. There were some heavy clouds rolling up above the mountains to the northward and eastward, but I took no serious note of that.

"I can ride to Marseilles in two hours, easily," said I, "for after your directions I cannot surely miss the road."

Just as I spoke a man passed in the street who eyed me sharply. I had seen his countenance before, I was sure, and I asked M. Guettard who it was, but he did not know. I remembered then; he was one of those whom I had seen at the police office, and so I informed the agent.

"Then let me assure you that you had better wait until morning," said he, earnestly. "It is a wild, mountainous road you have to travel, and ten chances are those followsin the police office who heard all your business have dogged you here, and will follow you and rob you if you set out to-night."

But I was not to be deterred from my purpose. I had assured my mate that I would join the ship that night, and I meant to do it. I had a pair of good double-barrelled pistols, and I knew that I could fire four balls from them upon a very short notice. So I thanked my friend for his kindness, and while he still protested against my determination, I mounted my horse, laughed at his fears, and rode off.

It was now almost sunset, and the clouds that had been gathering over the mountains grew thicker and darker; but I put spurs to my horse and dashed off at a swift pace. I had a noble beast—proud, high-spirited, and full of life, but yet obedient and well-disposed. As soon as I had got fairly clear of the town, I began to wish that it were daylight, for I wanted to have a fair view of the scenery on the road. I was among the mountains, and from the circuitous route I had to take, I wondered if the way would not be longer than I had anticipated. However, I kept on at a swift pace, and left the road behind me rapidly.

I think I must have travelled ten miles, when it became so dark that I could with difficulty see the road, and to make the matter worse, a vivid stream of lightning at that moment burst over the mountains, and a clap of thunder followed, that seemed to make the very earth quake. My horse reared with fright and came near throwing me off, and, to add more difficulty to my lot, it had now become so dark that I could not even see the ground. I heard a dull, rushing sound behind me, too, which I knew was rain pattering on the leaves, and ere long the big drops began to fall about me thick and fast. Soon there came another stream of electric light, and another thunder-bolt, and my horse plunged again, though not so furiously as before. It was now so dark, and the rain beat down in such torrents, that even my horse could not see the road, and I began to wish that I had listened to M. Paul Guettard. But it was too late now to think of him.

I remembered that Guettard had told me of a little inn about half way from Brignolle to Marseilles, and I thought I must be near it. In fact, I knew if I had understood him rightly, that I must be near it, for I had surely gone half the distance of my journey. But the prospect of finding the inn was not half so palpable to my mind as was the fact of its proximity. Another stream of lightning showed me that the road took a curve ahead of me around the base of a high cliff, and that upon the left there was a deep ravine which extended off to the mountains a mile distant. My horse plunged again at the electric shock, and I kept him crowded close to the right upon the cliff. He seemed to realize the proximity of the deep ravine, but I was sure he could not see any more than I could, for as soon as the lightning was gone, it was utterly dark—so black that the eyes had no power of penetration whatever. I closed my eyes and kept them closed for some moments, and when I opened them I experienced no other effect than the mere physical, muscular motion—not a single particle—not an idea of light was present, no more than might have been found in the very bowels of the earth.

At length the lightning came again, and I found that I had made the curve in the road—that the way was straight for some distance ahead, being between two mountains, and I felt sure that I saw a house! My heart leaped with hope, and I urged my horse forward. The animal seemed satisfied now from the revealment of the lightning, that he was on sure footing, and after trembling a few moments under the influence of the shock, he started on. It was dark as ever, and the rain fell still in torrents, but instinctively the horse picked out his way, seeming really to remember the direction from what he had seen by the aid of the lightning.

I had another source of disquiet besides the danger of the road. I was now thoroughly soaked to the skin, and I feared that my papers might be destroyed. They were in a snug packet, and placed in a pocket within my vest. I kept my left arm over them when I could, and I hoped that they might not get damaged. The draft, however, which was by far the most particular, was folded within the rest, and I felt easier on that account.

At length it lightened again, and I saw the house plainly. The brilliant glare of the heavens lasted for some seconds, and I made out even the shape and location of the building. It was a quaint structure of two stories, with pointed gables and looking like a pile of small buildings thrown together by chance. No other buildings were in sight, and in fact, there was hardly a chance for another, for the road here was a sort of notch between the mountains, and the house in question occupied the only spot which could be spared from the road for some miles. The thick darkness was upon me again, but a quick, loud snort from my horse announced that he realized the proximity of better quarters. His snort was answered by a horse from the inn, and on that he increased his speed. Soon I saw the glimmer of a light, like a dim speck in gloom, and by the flash of another lightning-bolt, I rode into the yard of the inn and called out as loudly as I could yell. This brought a man with a lantern, and I rode at once under a thatched shed where I dismounted.

The fellow with the lantern made some remark about the storm, and about my own wet appearance, and then he called a boy from the stable, the door of which was under cover of the shed, to come and take my horse. We entered a long passage, and after passing through the kitchen and hall we came to the bar-room, in which a glorious fire was burning. My first request was, that some clothes might be furnished for me while mine could be dried. The host without hesitation bade me follow him, and having led me to a clothes-press which led out of his sleeping apartment, as I judged, he bade me pick out such as I wanted. I selected a pair of trowsers, a warm looking vest, and a loose woollen blouse; then he furnished me with a shirt, socks, and slippers, and after this he led me to an apartment where he informed me I would sleep. He left a candle and went out.

I removed my wet clothing as soon as possible, and having rubbed myself with a coarse towel which I had obtained, until my skin was all aglow, I donned the dry clothes. My host was a fat, burly fellow, and in his garments I found room enough and to spare, but I minded not the cut nor size of the habiliments, for their warmth made up for that. My papers I examined and found perfectly safe, the wet having only penetrated partly through the thick, hard paper in which they were enveloped. My gold, which was in an oil-cloth, belt-like vest, which I wore beneath my outer shirt, I secured again about me, having wiped the cloth dry. I examined my pistols, which were furnished with excellent percussion locks and which I had selected in view of standing the wet at sea, and found them yet safe and sure. Of course no water had got into the barrels, and I found that the caps were as dry as when first put on; so I placed them within the breast of the capacious blouse, and then taking my wet clothes on my arm, I went down to the bar-room. The host took the dripping garments and promised to have them dried by the kitchen fire, and then I sat down by the blazing fire of the bar-room, and for the first time, looked around upon my companions.

There were five men beside myself, and one of them, I instantly recognized as the man that had passed the house in Brignolle while I was conversing with M. Guettard, and whom I had before seen in the police office at Toulon. The man did not seem to recognize me at all, though he must have seen me when I entered. But this was not the end of what I saw. Two of the others were men whom I had most surely seen before, and I was not long in convincing myself that they too were in the office in Toulon when I went in there after my passport. At length I caught the eye of the first mentioned man, and I determined to speak with him to see whether he would show any symptoms of nervousness, for I felt sure that if they had come from Toulon to rob me, they could not meet my eye without betraying some sign which I should know.

"Good evening, sir," said I, bowing to him. I spoke French well.

He looked at me steadily for a moment, and as calmly as could be.

"Really, *mon ami*, you have the advantage," he said, with a quiet smile.

"Then you don't recognize me," I resumed, somewhat puzzled.

"Your countenance does have a familiarity, truly," he returned, with a kind of earnest, inquiring look, "but I cannot remember where we have met."

"I think I saw you in Toulon," I said, "and I knew not but that you might remember me."

"Ah, we met in the opera—at the ball—or, perhaps in a cafe," he continued, still seeming to try to recollect.

"In the cafe," said I.

"Ah, yes, that must have been it," he added, so readily and confidently, that I began to doubt whether he recollected of seeing me at the office of police at all.

I had almost made up my mind that this meeting was purely accidental, for I had watched with the keenest eye their every sign and movement, but I could detect not a thing. If they had really dogged me to that mountain inn, and were now trying to bluff me, I had supposed they would overdo some point, or let drop some sign by which I could hook a su-picion, but thus far I had seen no such thing. At length I called for a pipe, and I stooped down to light it, but in doing so I spilled out all the tobacco. The host saw my difficulty, and he pointed to me a small shelf directly opposite the fire place where there was a box of tobacco all prepared for smoking. I immediately went to this shelf, and upon it rested the bottom of quite a large mirror. While I was filling my pipe with the tobacco, I chanced to cast my eyes into the glass—it was purely accidental, and I saw the reflected images of the three men with whom I had been conversing. They were winking with each other, and one of them had his thumb pointed over his shoulder towards me. In an instant all their well played game was lost, for I understood them as well as though I had seen each of their hearts revealed plainly before me. That look of theirs—that mutual look—was not to be misunderstood. In it I saw all they had been trying to hide, and I knew all that I could have asked. Now I knew they had followed me from Toulon to Brignolle, and that there they had known my destination, and had come on ahead of me. Of course, from what they had heard me say in the police office, they knew that I had a large sum of money with me, for I had told the officer there my whole business so as to be on the safe side of the police laws.

They may not have known in what shape I carried the money, but they must have known that it was available, and that, whether notes or drafts, the gold could be obtained in Marseilles, just upon presentation.

I filled my pipe and went back to the fireplace, and once more I entered into conversation with the three men. I now saw things that I did not see before. There were twinkles of the eye, movements of the feet, twistings of the body, and modulations of tone, too, that had before escaped me. But I saw it plainly, now; and not only so, but it was now so palpable that I wondered that I had not noticed it before.

At length I signified my intention of retiring. I had been thinking some upon the position in which I was placed, and my mind was made up upon the course of action I would pursue.

"Mine host," I said, addressing the fat landlord, just as I arose from my seat, and while I was knocking the ashes from my pipe, "you must call me early in the morning, for I would be on my way as soon as possible. Be sure, too, you fully awaken me, for I did not sleep an hour last night, and I shall sleep like a trooper, to night."

The host promised to awaken me, and also to have my dried clothes on hand for me to put on, and then I took my candle and left the bar-room. When I reached my bed-room I set the candle down, but I did not undress. I sat down on a chair to think. The rain was still falling without, and the lightning and thunder continued. But it was not cold in the room—only cool and comfortable.

Now I knew that those three men whom I had left in the bar-room, and whom I had first seen in the office at Toulon, had come thus far to rob me. I was just as sure of it as though I had seen the act attempted. And next how did they mean to do it? I supposed they had at first intended to waylay me and rob me upon the road; but the storm had disconcerted that plan, and now I thought they meant to rob me in the inn. And how would they do this without detection? Why —simply kill me in my bed without noise—then take my money and papers, and make off as quick as possible. Such rogues had probably a hundred places of refuge. I reflected thus for a while, and finally my course of action was resolved on. Instead of having slept only an hour on the previous night, as I told the host, I had slept in reality the whole night, from dark to suarise, and I was prepared to watch now without difficulty.

In the first place, I found a closet in the room, and in this I found several articles of female wearing apparel. Some of these I rolled up, so as to make a long bundle of them, and then placed them beneath the quilt. Next I rolled up one of the sheets with a bunch on the end as large as my own head, and upon this ball I tied my handkerchief in the place and shape of a nighteap. This I placed upon the pillow, with the face apparently towards the wall, and fixed it up so that it appeared exactly like a man lying in the bed, and with the face turned so far down that a person would have had to reach over some distance to see the deception. I stood off at some distance with the candle, and my work appeared well. I approached the bed, and even stood by the side of it, with the candle held fairly up, and yet the deception was perfect. Then I blew out my candle, and retired into the closet.

This closet was directly at the foot of the bed, and its door swung *from* the entrance to the room, so that while standing in it, with the door only partly open, I could see all that might transpire between the entrance and the bed. I stood there in the closet; some of the time partly sitting upon my heels, with my pistols both ready, and heard the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, and one. After that I began to grow uneasy and fatigued; and I wondered if I might not have been mistaken after all. But my doubts were soon brought to a stand point. I distinctly heard soft, careful steps in the passage outside of my door, and in a moment more as the steps ceased, I heard a hurried whispering. I cocked both my pistols, and both the hammers to each. Soon the door of my chamber was tried, and it was pushed open an inch or so, as I could see by the long, narrow line of light which was defined perpendicularly upon the wall. This seemed to satisfy them that the door was not locked; and there was another season of whispering. Then the door was pushed open further, and I could see the head of a man intruded; but said head was quickly withdrawn, and I heard him say:

"It's no use; I can't see without the candle." I now closed my closet door so that there could be no danger of my being seen, and in a few very seconds afterwards the room door was opened again, and this time a candle, shaded by a man's hand, was held into the room, and a man's head followed it.

"All's right!" I heard him say, as he withdrew again. There was one more season of whispering, and then a man stepped noiselessly into the room in his stocking feet. He held the candle, and he was immediately followed by two more, one of whom held a pillow in his hands, and the other a knife. I could read all that in a moment. One man was to stab the sleeper, another was to smother him with the pillow in case he should cry out, and the third was to hold the candle to light them on to their delectable work! The pistol I held in my right hand was ready. Both barrels were loaded with care, and I had never known them to fail me yet. I did not tremble—and if I felt excited it was not with fear, for I had four bullets for three men, and I knew I could fire them all with fatal accuracy before they could reach me.

He with the candle moved towards the head of the bed, and then the other two glided noiselessly up—the one with the knife standing nearest the foot so as to give him with the pillow a better chance to clasp his gag over the victim's mouth.

"—sh!" whispered the man with the knife. "Stand by! Don't let him make any noise!—*Now!*"

As he spoke he brought his knife down with all his might about where the mock-man's heart appeared to be, and on that instant I fired. My nerves had grown steady, and as I had light enough to make me sure of my aim, I had fired at the head of him who struck the blow with the knife. I had just time to see him spring forward upon the bed, when I took deliberate aim at him with the pillow—at his head, for I was not five feet from him—and fired. He dropped as quickly as the other had done, and then with my remaining pistol in my right hand I sprang out and confronted him with the candle.

"Set that candle upon the floor!" I cried. (There was a small table at the head of the bed.) "Down with it. Put it out, and you die on the spot!"

The fellow was for a moment too much startled and astounded to know what to do; but at length he set the candle down, and then instinctively put his hand towards his bosom.

"Stop!" I shouted—or rather hissed, for I spoke with my teeth so tightly clenched that they almost cracked; "move your hand towards a weapon, and you die on the instant!"

The fellow may have at first thought that I was threatening him with an empty pistol, but he saw that the one I held towards him had two barrels, and that another like it was in my left hand, and he settled down perfectly subdued. At that juncture the landlord came rushing in with a lighted lamp in his hand, and he was soon followed by his hostler and messenger.

"Bind that villain the first thing you do," I said, as the new-comers began to gaze about.

The villain made a lunge for the door; but I had expected such a movement, and I simply placed my foot in his way, and the consequence was, that he quickly measured his length upon the floor. Then I sprang upon him, and this seemed to bring the others to their senses, for they came to my assistance, and in a few moments we had the fellow bound. Then we examined the other two, both of whom had fallen upon the bed, and we found them dead, for the balls had passed through their brains!

I explained the whole thing to the host, without haste or exaggeration. I commenced with my first meeting with the three men in Toulon, and followed on to the moment when he had just made his appearance at the door. He had been too long used to the ways of people in that mountainous section to be surprised at my story, and the only decided remark he made at that time was, that he was glad I'd "fixed 'em."

On the next morning, long before sunrise, the hostler and messenger were both sent off to Marseilles, and by six o'clock the officers were at the inn. They examined the live villain, and the two dead ones, and all three were pronounced to be convicts who had not been clear from the galleys a month. My deposition was taken, and upon a statement of my business it was allowed to depart. I reached Marseilles before ten o'clock, and found my ship only a mile from the mole. I went on board, and set sail for home. I have been in Toulon and Marseilles since, and have heard that the third villain was hung; but I have not since taken a *Land Passage* in France.

ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE.

Probably no one who has not particularly examined this subject has an idea what pictorial works produced in the finest style sometimes cost. Take a few examples. Pennant's Illustrated History of London, that Mr. Crowle gave to the British Museum, cost that gentleman $35,000; and the Illustrated Clarendon and Burnet, formed by the late Mr. Sutherland, and continued by his widow, who gave it the Bodleian Library, cost upwards of $60,000. The work numbers sixty-seven large volumes, and contains nearly 19,000 prints. It is well known that Lord Kingsborough paid $150,000 to have seven large folio volumes printed on the Indians of Mexico. He afterwards, sad to relate, died in debt, and in a prison of Dublin. A copy of this magnificent work may be found in the Philadelphia Library. To show how easy it is to multiply plates, it is stated that a certain German female began illustrating the Bible, and before she had reached the 25th verse of the first chapter of Genesis, the number of her prints had reached seven hundred.

We have been led to consider this subject, by a recent examination of the complete volumes of Ballou's Pictorial newspaper, that have appeared since the issue of the first number in July, 1851. In these volumes there are we know not how many thousands of prints executed upon wood, indeed, and yet many of them are so fine that we must be assured of it to believe it. This is now the only illustrated paper worthy the name published in this country; and on the whole it compares favorably with the best of the kind published on the other side. The journal carries sunshine into thousands of families over our broad land and wherever Americans are found in all parts of the globe.

A few words in reference to the modus operandi of carrying on the establishment from which the Pictorial is issued may not be uninteresting to the reader. To carry on the three periodicals issued by Mr. Ballou, at his printing hall, some 100 persons are employed directly, and 60 indirectly. The weekly expenses, including paper and rent, are about $1000. Eleven of the Adams power presses are in motion day and night. The box wood on which the engravings are executed, is imported from the neighborhood of Smyrna, at a cost of $100 a ton. The designing and engraving is executed by native artists, such as Billings, Rowse and others, who are mostly Bostonians. The sales of the publications are about equally divided between the sexes.

But where do the scores of thousands of the Pictorial find a market and a welcome? As we might expect, New England demands it most, and then it finds many thousand readers in the Middle and Western States, while 30,000 papers are sold weekly south of Mason and Dixon's line. California takes 4000 copies, Buenos Ayres, 700, Liverpool, more than 1000, Paris, several hundred, while hundreds more are circulated along the shores of the Mediterranean. Perhaps there is not an American consul abroad that does not see a picture of home scenes every week through Ballou's Pictorial.

Such an illustrated journal is creditable to a country as young as our own. That it can be afforded for the small price at which it is offered, is one of the wonders of the western world, and shows anew what cheap and lasting blessings flow to us through the printing press.—*Boston Courier.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Terms of the Flag of our Union, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at expiration of the time paid for. Subscription not postpaid.

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"Home Lyrics: Immortalities," a tale by Asyl Leslie.
"Reminiscences of California," by Frederick Swasey.
"Dies Gloria Patria," or The Revised Pledge, a tale by Harriet A. Davidson.
"Tyne Seaton: by the Life of Victor Courtesis," by Gerrish H. Ballou.
"I have a mind," poem by Hiram T. Pitch.
"Let there be light!" sermon by Pierce Johnson.
"A pleasant life in this," lines by Dr Fletcher Hunt.
"I sat thinking!" lines by Nat Mortey.
"The Dove," verses by Mary Dell.
"Dromidog," lines by Wm. Richmond Lawrence.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"Forward and Outward." "Liberty." "Washington." "To Minnie." "Stanzas," and "The Bird at Sea."

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN ENGLAND.

The cunning, unprincipled, profligate, cowardly, cruel and hated despot of France is now on a visit to the pure, high minded, chaste and well loved sovereign lady of Great Britain. The unsullied hand of hers clasps the fingers of usurper, which, if they be not actually reddened by the blood of his countrymen, wrote the orders that commissioned his hirelings to slaughter the unoffending citizens of Paris in the streets, on their thresholds, and at their firesides! That he did not personally participate in butchery is proof, not of innocence, but of cowardice. Once, only, during the horrible scenes that followed the *coup d'etat*, did he mount a horse at his palace gate, and dressed in a uniform that he had no right to wear, ride between serried ranks of troops, with loaded muskets in their hands, supported by clouds of cavalry and parks of artillery, the guns loaded to the muzzle with grape, and the gunners standing beside them with lighted matches; but a few fugitives of "Down with the tyrant!" uttered by a handful of unterrified republicans, sent him to the right about, and pale with abject terror, he rode back to the shelter of his bomb-proof walls.

Meanwhile all who dared to utter a shout, or a prayer for that republic which he had himself sworn solemnly to maintain, were mercilessly shot down by his drunken soldiery, or, lest the ringing of the fusillade should excite too great horror of the work, had their brains dashed out by the clubbed muskets of the infantry. And *all* accused of liberal opinions were not butchered, he reserved them for a more frightful fate—exile to the pestilential climate of Cayenne, away from friends, family, all that makes life dear. With an unsparing hand he winnowed France of her best and bravest—her soul-stirring orators and writers, her true-hearted patriots, her faithful republican soldiers—such as Cavaignac, and Lamoriciere, and Changarnier. But this was not enough to suborn the "sacred legions" of France, as M. Michelet calls them, there was a power more dangerous to tyrants than an "army with banners"—the press. That was stifled—annihilated. There remained the ballot-box; but what a mockery was that, surrounded by spies and soldiers, and when a vote was a passport to a prison or Cayenne! Never had the French people, as a mass, decided better of fortune, never were they more patient and pacific, never was there a smaller men of red republicanism among them than after the cowardly debauchee deprived them of their dearest rights.

We have said nothing of Louis Napoleon's antecedents—of his shabby shifts to obtain the means of indulging his vicious propensities—of his disgraceful conduct as a private man—the world knows him, he bears the twofold brand of Nero and Cain upon his brow. But he is a successful man. The robber of the people of millions of money and his country, he is surrounded by splendor—surrounded by luxury—he is an emperor, and just as worthy of a throne as the most corrupt emperors of the days of the decline of Rome; and because his troops are fighting in the east beside those of England, Queen Victoria feels compelled to invite her "dear brother" to visit her and her nobles and ladies of the English court visit each other in showing civilities to the various, and make and female sycophants that follow in his wake.

Verily, Waterloo is avenged; the degradation of England more than balances the glorious feat of the followers of the first—the great poleon. The English people, who lately hooted Louis with abuse, now throw up their caps and shout for him. When he falls—as fall he must—these same people will curse his memory, nothing can hereafter obliterate from the page of the records of Great Britain, their shame of the degradation they now submit to in entertaining the Crowned Infamy welcomed to their homes.

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THE FASHIONS.

There used to be such a thing as rationality in costume; a man's birthplace could instantly be distinguished by his dress, as the Turk by his turban and caftan, the Spaniard by his cloak and sombrero, the Scotch Highlander by his plaid and kilt, and the natural integument of his lower limbs; but now-a days, all nations dress alike, and France imposes the fashion of garments on the entire world. The dress of our exquisites is the same as that of the Parisian *elegans* who flaunt on the Boulevard Italien, and the troops of the Sultan Abdul-Medjid wear the French infantry cap. The Spaniard has abandoned his cloak for a *paletot*, and the Scotch Highlander has submitted his stalwart limbs to the restriction of a garment cut after the French model. France, the *arbiter elegantiarum* has had its fashionable revolutions which have kept pace with its political ones. With the old French revolution the three-cornered hat disappeared forever. The minister Roland one day presented himself before Louis XVI. with a round hat—such as we wear now. The master of ceremonies approached Dumouriez with an uneasy air, and said: "He hasn't even buckles in his shoes." "Ah," replied Dumouriez with a sardonic laugh, "everything is lost." And so it was—down went diamonds, plumes, satin gowns and trains, embroidered coats and spangled vests—and down went the throne and the aristocracy. The Jacobins appeared in woolen shoes, and carried knotty clubs for canes. Then came the Greek and Roman mania. Some of the women wore flesh-colored stockings and sandals. Not a few appeared dressed as savages. Under the empire of Napoleon, the greatest revolution of all was effected—small-clothes gave way to pantaloons. During the latter part of Napoleon's reign, women wore a sort of military helmet, called the *Casque a la Clorinda*, and a regular jockey cap with an imitation of epaulettes on the shoulder. Somewhere about 1820—if we remember rightly, the leg of mutton sleeve came into vogue—it was of enormous dimensions, and accompanied by monstrous bonnets, short waists and short dresses. The costume was perfectly hideous, and yet all the fashionable world thought it charming. For about twenty years the male costume has remained nearly stationary—a little longer or a little shorter waist, a little ampler or a little tighter pantaloon, a broad skirt or a swallow-tail—these are mere modifications. The cut and color vary, but the main features of the dress are the same. There is a tendency towards a reproduction of the dress of the middle ages, and some signs of rationality in the leaders of fashion. Hats are less absurd, are better adapted for the purposes for which they were designed—coats are easier. Perhaps, on the whole, there is less attention to dress, and dandies are fewer and farther between than formerly—but still we are all of us far enough from the picturesque, and more or less slaves to fashion.

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

The New York Times is rather severe upon well-dressed persons in New York. It says, "This is true: the best coats in Broadway, at this time, are on the backs of penniless fops, broken-down merchants, clerks on pitiful salaries, and men that don't pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on ladies indicate to eyes that are well open, the fact of a silly lover or a husband cramped for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in a suit of plain and neat apparel, it is the presumption that she has fair expectations and a husband who can show a balance in his favor. For women are like books—too much gilding makes men suspicious that the binding is the most important part."

A NEW AUTHOR.—There is some talk in literary circles of a work of fiction said to be of extraordinary merit, which is shortly to pass through the press. It is by a new candidate for public favor in the line of authorship. Several critics who have seen the manuscript are enthusiastic in its praise, and confidently pronounce its author "the coming man" in the literary world. The work bears the odd title of "CONE CUT CORNERS," and is said to be as original in contents as in name.

MELLEN IN BROOKLYN, N. Y.—When the illustrious Mellen met his political friends in Brooklyn, lately, he answered their various questions with great promptitude and felicity, save the following, which proved a poser: "Is a chimera, ruminating in a vacuum, in accordance with the ascendancy of fixed principles?" Daniel Pratt, Jr., thinks that a chimera under such circumstances is "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Mississippi!"

GOLD IN BOSTON.—Some laborers, lately digging a drain in Friend Street, near Hanover, threw up some lumps of clay, which proved to be impregnated with gold dust. We hope the houses will not be pulled down, on the supposition that the city is built on a gold mine.

TRAVELLING.—There will be more travelling this summer than any preceding—more southerners will visit the north and more Americans visit Europe. The Paris Exhibition will prove a great attraction.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS.—Seventeen years ago, the first Atlantic steamship, the Sirius, arrived in New York harbor in the morning; the Great Western going up the bay a few hours later.

SALERATUS.—Mrs. Stowe thinks that one reason why the ladies of England are so much healthier than ours, is that they don't use saleratus.

YACHTING.—The New York yachts are coming out of winter quarters, and showing their canvass in the North River and the bay.

WASHINGTON IRVING.—This gentleman is fast recovering from the effects of being thrown from his horse.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Prices of provisions are said to be "coming down." We have heard that talk a long while.

Victoria and Albert don't like Louis Napoleon, but are "very happy to see him."

They say Queen Victoria is ill-tempered, beats her children, and snubs "Halbert." Hawful!

Our Philadelphia friends are going to have a new opera house—cost $200,000.

Ducks enter the water for *divers* reasons, and come out for *sun-dry* motives.

A Jew dealer in very tattered garments is apt to be named Mordecai (more decay).

An apothecary in New York put up a tartar emetic instead of belladonna, and killed a child.

Ten thousand of the Chinese insurgents have lately received Chinese baptism.

A gentleman of Maryland lost $100,000 at the N. York faro tables, and tried to kill himself.

If peace in Europe depends on the fall of Sebastopol, it is a long way off.

Lexington, the fastest horse in the world, is a blood bay, fifteen hands three inches high.

Silk Buckingham says that he quelled a Cornish riot when only six years old. Smart baby!

Gen. Harrison lived in a log cabin—so does Gen. Houston, we are told.

T. D. Jones, a well known American sculptor, is at work on the head of Rev. Mr. Chapin.

The prize offered by the Kentucky Clay Monument Association is awarded to Mr. Hamilton.

Rousseau said that weariness of the beautiful makes us love the ugly.

Pine apples and bananas are coming in from Cuba. They are ripe and tempting.

Men as they advance in age supply the loss of youth by politeness.

A Poor Boy's College has been established in the town of Blackstone, Mass.

FRAUD ON THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

One day, a lady, who had just received the amount of her dividends—between two and three hundred pounds in bank notes, had just left the rotunda, and was getting into her carriage in Bartholomew lane, when a person without a hat, and with a pen behind his ear, apparently a clerk from the bank, rushed down the steps of the entrance on that side, and hurriedly apologising to the lady, stated, almost out of breath, that the numbers of the notes, which she has just received had been omitted to be taken; that the omission, he feared, would cost him his situation, unless the lady would kindly allow him immediately to remedy the error. Would she come back with him? If so, he would spare her all trouble, if she would entrust the notes to him; he would take them back to the rotunda, copy the numbers and return with them in two minutes. The lady unsuspectingly gave him the notes, and waited in her carriage—it is impossible to say how long. The pretended clerk never returned, and on the lady going back to the rotunda to make inquiry, the trick was of course discovered.

RUISS.—"Very fair—very fair, indeed," said a cockney, who was "doing" the Hudson River from the deck of a steamboat, by the aid of a lorgnette applied to his gooseberry eye. "Quite well got up; very Rhenish; but you have no ruins." The laws of the Romans provided that the queen of cities should not be dishonored by ruins—

> Ne ruinis aspectus urbis deformetur,

and we thank Heaven that there *are* no ruins in America. They may be picturesque, but they don't pay.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—In renewing subscriptions, let all remember that we send the Flag and Pictorial together, to one address, for *four dollars*. The matter in both papers is wholly *original*, and distinct from each other. The one, is a first class literary weekly, the other, an illumined, or pictorial record of the times—both together forming a rare and valuable acquisition to any home circle—imparting ever varied delight, and a boundless fund of information.

THE ZOUAVES.—This corps of the French army originated in Africa in 1830, and were composed of Arabs from the Kabyles, with a sprinkling of Parisian dare-devils and officered by young Frenchman of tried courage and ability. Their costume is rather oriental. They are the best light troops in the Crimea, "climb like cats and fight like lions. They can cook, sew, garden, bivouac, march and fight better than any other troops in the army."

BONNETS OFF THE HEAD.—The pretty little bonnets worn on the back of the head by ladies, originated, doubtless, in a generous desire to display the sunny faces of the ladies. But exposure to the full glare of sunlight causes contraction of the forehead, compression of the eyelids, distortion of the features, and produces permanent wrinkles and crowsfeet. Rather than have that result, let us go back to the sugar scoops.

DEATH OF MRS. NICHOLS.—The recent death of Mrs. Nichols (formerly Miss Bronte) at Haworth, England, is a sad loss to literature. Her first work, "Jane Eyre," is one of the most powerful—if not the most powerful novel of the nineteenth century. It will be immortal.

THE CAMELS.—There is no doubt that camels may be domesticated and prove serviceable in this country. The camel is a native of the same country as the horse, and since the latter has flourished here, it follows that the "desert ship" may do so.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.—The travel between these sister cities may be estimated from the fact that passengers pay $800,000, and freight $500,000 per annum.

SHORT ALLOWANCE.—Seven men on the wreck of the ship William Layton, lately lived a week on a rat they found swimming in the bilge-water.

HOMŒOPATHY.—There are about two thousand homœopathic physicians in the United States. Calomel is going down.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents

"The Rose at the Still," a story by HENRY L. OSBORN.
"The Unjust Fee," a tale by EVA MARTIN.
"The Heart's Unburied Dead," verses by A. ARDSLEY CLOVER.
"The Cemetery," stanzas by MARY DELL.
"Life," a poem.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Representation of Sibly Building at East Boston.
View of a celebrated Bridge, over the Ochoze at Bordeaux, France.
A series of scenes in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, giving a view of the Entrance of Gothic Avenue, the Dead Sea, the Bottomless Well, the Hall of Stalagmites and the Star Chamber.
A group of pictures of scenes in New Hampshire, illustrating Lecture in the vicinity of Lake Winnipesaukee.
Portrait of Geo. W. Matsell, New York Chief of Police.
A new point of view of Webster's Farm at Marshfield.
Representation of the Baltic Fleet, as it appeared lately on leaving Spithead.
Excavation of tombs at Cnossa, in Greece.
A large full page engraving, giving characteristic representations of New York Street Characters.

✎ ✎ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

Letters from Athens contain deplorable accounts of the progress of brigandage in various parts of Greece.

Louis Napoleon has purchased Malmaison, which was the residence of Josephine after her separation from his uncle.

Immense damage has been done in Germany by the breaking away of the dykes of the river Vistula.

Letters from Naples state that Cardinal Wiseman is to be appointed Librarian of the Vatican, in the place of Cardinal Mai.

At Weimar, counterfeit autographs of Schiller have been made use of in an audacious manner. The heirs of the poet are amongst the dupes.

About sixty cases of Assyrian antiquities from the excavations of Mr. Layard, Mr Rassam and Mr. Loftus have arrived at the British Museum.

The estimated population of England and Wales in 1854 was 18,617,000; the number of births, 634,566; of deaths, 438,239; and of marriages, 159,000.

Dogs are henceforth to be taxed in France; a law has just been passed by the Legislative body, levying a duty, varying from one to ten francs per head yearly, on these animals.

A letter from St. Petersburg states that the Emperor Alexander intends to visit Helsingfors, with his brother Nicholas, before the commencement of operations in the Baltic.

Samuel Rogers the poet, is greatly improved in health, and is now enabled to take carriage airings daily. The venerable poet enters on his 93d year in July next.

Authority has been sent out to the Governor of Nova Scotia to raise a Foreign Legion for active service under the British Crown; two regiments to be composed of natural-born subjects of the queen.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Passion, in its first violence, controls interest, as the eddy for a while runs against the stream.

A proper reserve is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be.

Let us adopt the love of peace that Christ may recognize his own, even as we recognize him to be the teacher of peace.

If a fool tell a secret, he tells it because he *is* a fool; if a knave knows one, he tells it wherever it is his interest to tell it.

Prayer is the weak man's refuge and the strong man's hope; its power opens the heavens, and closes the yawning of the pit.

It is much easier to discern error than to find the truth: the former lying on the surface is readily perceived—the latter reposes in depth, whence not every one can call her forth.

Admiration must be continued by that novelty which first produces it; and how much soever is given, there must always be reason to imagine that more remains.

Cesar never rejoiced more than when he heard that they talked of his valiant exploits in simple cottages; alleging this, that a bright sun shineth in every corner, which maketh not the beams worse, but the place better.

It seems as if our affection for any object increases in proportion to the number or degree of the misfortunes which it calls into existence. We, are, therefore, accustomed to love tenderly the being for whom we have most suffered or struggled.

Education has on the natural mind the same transforming effect that culture has on the wild rose. In the latter case, nothing new is added, but the powers are so multiplied and the color so deepened that the improvement looks like a new creation.

Joker's Budget.

"That's my impression," as the die said to the dollar.

"If you bite me, I'll bite you," as the pepper-pod said to the boy.

The young lady who "took the eye of everybody," has been arrested for stealing.

A quaint writer has defined time to be "the vehicle that carries everything into nothing."

Since the passage of the new liquor law, the motto of Maine is generally spelled "Dri Lgo."

Bill Brown says that his Shanghai rooster is so tall, that he has to get down on his knees to crow.

A Vermont Yankee has invented a pump by which horses and cows pump their own drinking water.

Dobbs says he would have died of cholera in August, if it had not been for one thing—"the doctor gave him up."

One of our western editors, in giving an account of a tornado, heads it as follows: "Disgraceful Thunder Storm."

A genius in New Bedford is fitting up a steamer for the purpose of towing icebergs to India, where they sell for six cents a pound.

A young lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair turned gray, replied with the greatest earnestness, "O! no, I'll dye first!"

The cheapest kind of a horse is a saw horse. It supports itself and a good deal of fuel. Besides, it isn't dangerous to children and the ladies.

"Why is a Laplander like an umbrella maker?" asked Snooks, of his wife. "D'ye give it up? 'Cause he derives his support from the rain, dear (reindeer)."

It has long been stated in the newspapers, that a woman never looks so supremely ridiculous as when she attempts to smoke, to whistle, chase turkeys through the tall grass, or talk politics.

Quill and Scissors.

Nearly 170,000 copies of that singular work—"The coming struggle among the nations of the earth, described in accordance with the prophecies of Ezekiel, Daniel and the Revelations, showing the important position Britain and America will occupy during and at the end of the awful conflict"—have already been sold.

A few days ago, Mr. William H. Whittaker, of Cincinnati, swallowed a small piece of shingle nail which had been baked in a piece of bread that he was eating. Although the iron was speedily removed by an emetic, it occasioned an inflammation in his stomach which resulted in his death.

The city passenger railroads in New York do not pay expenses. There is a gradual falling off in the amount of receipts, which is attributed to the hard times, compelling laboring men and mechanics to economize by walking to their business, instead of riding.

A rough diamond, picked up near Manchester, Va., a small town opposite Richmond, is about the size of a hazel-nut, and weighs forty three carats. Jewellers estimate its value at four thousand dollars, and claim that it is the largest diamond ever found in North America.

Mrs. Towning and a man named Christmas had an examination a few days since, at Sterling, Ill., on a charge of poisoning the husband of the woman, Mr. Robert Towning. The prisoners were committed to jail.

The grand jury of Orange county, Florida, in their general presentment, made at the late term of their court, mentioned the fact that, out of a population of 600 in the county, there has not been a single death in twelve months.

Miss Sarah B. Stafford, of Trenton, N. J., it is said, has succeeded, after many years of effort, in getting from the government $11,000, the amount of a pension due her grandfather, Henry Smith, an officer in the navy.

George W. Hollister, the young man shot at Bellevere, Nebraska, was a graduate of Yale College, and belonged to Syracuse. Dr. Henry, the murderer, was under arrest. The quarrel was about a land claim.

There are 962,898 persons in the United States over 21 years old who cannot read or write. Of these 6849 live in Vermont, and 27,539 in Massachusetts. New Hampshire has the least of any State, 2957.

Wells do not rise with rivers. The Connecticut, kept out by the dyke, has not been fourteen feet above the curb stones of five wells in the meadow at Hartford, none of which rise with the flood.

A boy four years old, son of Mr. Moulton, died in Portland four weeks after getting an acorn into his windpipe. It passed into the left lung, and caused inflammation.

Daniel R. Fields has been arrested at Lynn for setting fire to a house in which his wife, who had left him on account of ill treatment, was boarding.

Boston issues 113 papers, with an annual circulation of 54,000,000; New York, 104 papers, circulation 75,000,000; and Philadelphia 51 papers, circulation 48,000,000.

The town of Ashfield has elected, for school committee, Miss Lydia Hall, Miss Marietta C. Patrick, Joshua Knowlton, Frederick G. Howes and Alvan Perry.

Charles Creighton, of Providence, committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol in the bar-room of the Earl House. He was a man of hands-some property.

James H. Dickinson, under sentence of death at Cleveland, Ohio, for the murder of Beatson, is the Englishman who was convicted in 1842 of robbing the DeWolf vault in Bristol, R. I.

Eighteen dollars a *gallon* was the price which the Old pale brandy of 1820 brought at the sale of Mr. Hope's liquors in New York.

The office of the Commercial Advertiser at Apalachicola, Florida, was entirely destroyed by fire on the 13th ult.

The ship Young Brander, 1469 tons burthen, launched in this city in the winter of 1854, has been sold in Liverpool for about £15,000.

Several recent packets from New York for Liverpool have taken out large sums of returning emigrants. The Driver took 180 at $18.

'Tis said Lola Montez has married a rich gold digger, and is going to Paris to spend his pile with him.

Mr. Fillmore told Mayor Wood that he had come to pay his respects to the greatest man of the age.

By a freshet in the river Raisin, Michigan, $50,000 damage has been done.

Sirloin steaks have got down to fifteen cents in New York city.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Joseph S. Dolbeare to Miss Elizabeth G. Thaxter.
By Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Hiram L. Farrier to Miss Mary H. Stanley.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John Kenn to Miss Ruth Arnold.
By Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Thornton McGaw to Mrs. Esther T. Hawthorne.
By Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Frederick C. Weston to Miss Julia M. Elmore.
By Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Edward S. Hashine to Miss Josephine Fuller.
By Rev. Mr. Bernard, Mr. H. Deacon to Miss Elizabeth Deacon.
At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Pryor, Mr. Samuel E. Marshall to Miss Lucy Turnbull.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. John M. Sawyer to Miss Phebe R. Hodgdon.
At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Harrington, Mr. Charles F. Harrington to Miss Mary J. Hopkins.
At West Newton, by Rev. Dr. Gilbert, Mr. Joseph L. Whitney to Miss Martha J. Richards.
At Lynn, by Rev. Thomas Driver, Mr. William A. Rose to Miss Hannah Clough.
At Andover, Professor Austin Phelps to Miss Mary A. Stuart.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Stevens, Mr. Charles C. Hopkinson to Miss Helen M. Smith.
At Baltimore, Daniel Ryters, Esq., to Miss Jane Anna Darton.
At Littlestown, Pa., Mr. Patrick Donahue, to Miss Annie E. Davis.

Deaths.

In this city, Michael Riley, Esq., 39; Mrs. Phebe Gilbraneey; Mr. Thomas Wigglesworth, 72; Mrs. Lucy J. Silsby; Mrs. Mary Ann Ege, 27; Mr. James A. Pierce, 21; Calvin S. Fifield, Esq., 46; James Johnson, Esq., 72; Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, 85; Mr. John T. Swiny, 26; Mrs. Mary Shurtleff Ripley; Mrs. Fanny Ingalls, 82; Mrs. Catherine Davenport, 88; Miss Elizabeth Nicholson, 77.
At Roxbury, Mrs. Sarah Fiske, 80.
At Charlestown, Miss Mary Snow, 74.
At Malden, Mr. Richard Sweetland, 74.
At Salem, Mr. Martin Hooker, 22.
At Lynn, Mrs. Hannah Smith, 66.
At South Danvers, Capt. Ebenezer Sprague, 94.
At Marblehead, Mrs. Mary Thompson, wife of Mr. John Thompson, 59.
At Andover, Miss Sarah Jane, daughter of Mr. Thomas C. Foster, 20.
At Newburyport, Mrs. Sarah W., daughter of Mr. John Hidden, 36 years.
At Portland, Mrs. Martha E., wife of Mr. Horatio Griffin, 33.
At Bangor, Mrs. Deborah Soule, 90.
At Piscataqua, N. J., Rev. Isaac Smith, 73.
At Northampton, Mrs. Hon. Samuel Spring, 73.
At Rensselaer Institute, Dr. Andrew W. H. Seelye.
At Providence, R. I., Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. John H. Thurber, 27.
At Ann Cayes, Capt. Geyer, master of brig Wm. M. Groton.
At Constantinople, Mr. O. H. Underwood, son of Mr. William Underwood, 21.
At San Francisco, Mr. William Miller.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SONG FOR THE SEASON.

BY ANNIE LEE.

O the pleasant days are coming,
Though the woods are brown and sere;
The sugar-time is coming,
The sweetest of the year.
The samp fires burning brightly,
'Neath the tall old forest trees,
And the boys and girls so sprightly,
Are busy as the bees.

Will goes to cut the firing,
To make the syrup boil,
And the girl he is admiring,
Can lighten all his toil.
Beneath the rustic bonnet
A smiling face is seen,
And she gives him glorious morsels,
"Wazed" on the snow so clean.

O, the farmer boys so merry,
Will get a share of bliss,
For while they watch the sugar,
They sometimes steal a kiss.
They think it very silly
Life's sweetest hours to waste,
So, while they re with the lasses,
They like to get a taste.

"Just see the foaming liquid,"
The watchful maiden cries;
"I fear it will run over,
As sure as I'm alive."
In goes another bucket,
Full of the gathered sap,
Then Ned the sleepy fellow,
Lies down to take a nap.

What strange dreams o'er him stealing,
To mirth have given place;
For Susie now is rubbing
Soft sugar on his face.
His eyes and lips are covered
And then the party shout,
"You are the sweetest fellow
There cannot be a doubt!"

The long expected crisis
Of boiling is at hand,
And round the foaming kettle,
The lads and lassies stand.
Each with a wooden ladle,
Let no one at them scoff,
For the watching maiden crieth,
"Tis time to sugar off."

O precious dainty diet!
Food worthy of the gods;
Extracted mid the quiet
Of woodland solitudes.
You may search the wide-world over,
And then the truth confessed,
Will tell that "Maple lasses"
Of all good things is best.

And Yankee lads the jewels
Of northern hearts and homes,
And Yankee girls the dearest,
Wherever we may roam.
And of all the festive seasons,
By youth and beauty blest,
The time for making sugar
Is the sweetest and the best.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY E. B. FRAZER.

The thirteen American colonies, combined in their resistance to the unjust encroachments of the mother country, were now about closing the fifth year of their struggle for a national existence. It was the latter part of the year 1780. The bloody and disastrous battle of Camden (where the splendid army of Gates had been totally defeated and scattered, as it were, by the four winds of heaven—where the brave German general, Baron De Kalb, had fallen a martyr to liberty, while the flower of the continental troops under his command, after the most determined though vain resistance, had become fearfully decimated) had been fought; and, more recently, the renowned Sumpter, who had heretofore proved himself one of the bravest and mightiest of the southern generals, had suffered his troops to be surprised and completely defeated by a detachment of royalists under Lieut. Col. Buford.

The darkest day during the war for American independence, had now arrived; and even some of the most sanguine of the lovers of liberty began to be fearful that the glorious sun of freedom was about to set—perhaps forever! But not so. As that is the darkest hour just before dawn, so this was the darkest period in our country's destiny, soon to be followed by a much brighter and a happier future.

The two colonies—South Carolina and Georgia—were now fairly within the grasp of the invader. Indeed, the British generals fancied there was no longer any room for hope, as far as the "rebel cause" was concerned in these two colonies. They did not imagine for a moment that their swords again would have to be unsheathed, that again the deadly firelock must be shouldered; but deemed their work of strife terminated, their hour of complete triumph arrived. They indulged in the supposition, that even the most strenuous supporters of the "rebel cause," as they termed the cause of the colonies, perceiving the futility of further resistance, would soon abandon it, and give in their allegiance to the British crown. But the glorious flame of liberty, though smothered for a while, was not burnt out; but only waiting for a vent to blaze again with more than its wonted brilliancy.

The colonists in Carolina and Georgia were beaten—confined for the time, but not yet conquered! They had no thoughts of giving up the struggle, but only were awaiting the time when they would once more be in readiness to face their foe. Marion and his gallant brigade were lying concealed in the woody region, near the confines of the Santee River; Sumpter, in another part of the country, was endeavoring to bring together his scattered band, and to rally new men around his standard; and the remnant of the main army, defeated by Lord Cornwallis, at Camden, and now encamped at Hillsborough, in North Carolina—under Gates, who was soon to be superseded by the brave, cautious, and prudent General Green,—was daily receiving new reinforcements, with the intention of again entering South Carolina as soon as possible. At this period our story commences.

It was near the close of a pleasant autumnal day, that an observer might have noticed a small troop of horsemen approaching a little one-story building, situated not far from the western borders of the little town of H——, in Orangeburg county, in the colony of South Carolina.

The troop numbered not more than twenty, all told; and they were riding along at quite an easy pace, as they were now near their place of destination. At their head, a little in advance, rode he who was apparently their leader, and who was—if we might judge from his appearance—now actively engaged in thought.

He was not perhaps upwards of twenty-five years of age; handsome, manly in features, with a look and bearing which bespoke kindness and good humor, unaccompanied by any signs which might tell of an ill-spent life.

If the various guises, half military, half civil, worn by the men, would not have told the observer to which party they belonged, the uniform of their leader would have been enough to have declared them friends of the colonial cause.

As they neared the house in question, the front door opened, and a young woman appeared at the entrance. She was probably about twenty years of age, and was the very perfection of womanly beauty. The rose-tint of health appeared upon her features, and her glossy, golden hair contrasted pleasantly with the clear red and white of her complexion. Her bright blue eyes, fringed with dark eye-lashes, gave a melting softness to their expression, and her rich, ruby lips were just sufficiently opened to reveal two rows of pearly white teeth; while the graceful bending of her head, in the attitude in which she now stood, imparted a noble grace to her sylph-like, tall, and well-proportioned figure.

When the lieutenant—for such was the leader's rank—had rode a little nearer, the young woman, in a silvery voice, exclaimed:

"Home again so soon, dear husband?"

"Yes, dear Nancy," was the lieutenant's reply, as he alighted from his horse.

"To what fortunate circumstance may I owe this unexpected pleasure, Rufus?" she again asked.

"I will tell you in a moment, dearest," he said, as he led his horse into the yard. "Sergeant Elliston," he added to one of his men, as the troop came up, "lead the way into the yard, and in a few minutes I will have some refreshments ready for the men." Then turning, he approached his wife, and taking her hand said: "Let us go in, Nancy."

"Good evening, Tommy," said the lieutenant, as he and his wife entered the kitchen, addressing a youth of about the age of fourteen, seated in one corner of the room—whose name was Thomas Dexter, and who was his wife's only brother.

"Good evening, Rufus," was the youth's reply, as he arose and extended his hand to take the proffered one of the lieutenant. "What brings you back? I did not expect to see you again for some weeks."

"It seems I have given both you and Nancy an agreeable surprise; but I will tell you," said Lieut. Cleveland—for that was his latter name. "You know when, three days ago, I left, I set out for Marion's encampment; but, strange as it may seem, I have not been able to find him, or his whereabouts; though perhaps I have been somewhat baulked in my efforts, on account of not being able to reach the Santee without falling in with some of Tarlton's or Coffin's legion."

"And so you have returned?"

"Yes, with the intention of setting out at early dawn to-morrow, to join Sumpter, who I hear is encamped somewhere on the Edisto, and who is waiting for more men in order to attack a certain tory detachment, which is committing great havoc somewhere between his encampment and the city of Charleston."

"And so you cannot tarry longer than morning, Rufus?" interrogated Nancy.

"No; I dare not," was his reply; "for the sooner I reach Sumpter the better. The sooner he will be able, with what other recruits he may get, to strike at once an effective blow against the tories."

"Heaven forbid that I should detain you, my dear husband!" said Nancy, looking up into his face, while there was "the look of heaven" upon her features, as she smiled; "but I trust that that high power, which watches over us all, will shield you, and return you safe, unscathed to me, from the battle's fiery ordeal."

"Do not fear, Nancy; through Heaven's goodness, I will return. But Tommy; he must go with me, too, if you can spare him. What say you, Tommy?"

"It is the favor I would have asked. I will follow you wherever you lead!"

"You know I wished him to go with you before, and certainly I can offer no objection now," said Nancy.

"Then that is all settled," said Lieut. Cleveland. "Be ready to start with me early in the morning."

Tommy Dexter replied that he would.

"And now, Nancy, let us make some provision for supper. My men have travelled a long distance to-day, and have eaten nothing since morning. Have you heard aught of Colonel Bayley, from whose brutalities I saved you last week?"

"Nothing during your absence, save that he was in the neighborhood of Georgetown, at the head of some two or three hundred tories."

"I almost dread to leave you here alone, dear wife, unprotected as you will be; and the danger which, if I do so, you may incur from him, also," said Rufus. "I have half a mind that you should accompany me, until at least I may be able to leave you in a safer place."

"There will be no need of that," said his wife. "He has ere this, no doubt, entirely forgotten me. If not, and I am not able to manage him, our neighbors will see that I am not misused."

"They can do nothing should he come in force."

"There, there, Rufus, do not borrow trouble from this. Should he visit this house again, be sure I can and will protect myself."

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed ere Nancy, who was one of the best of housewives, had got the table—which extended from one end of the room to the other, and which was just large enough for the accommodation of the twenty troopers of her husband—sat in readiness for supper. The fare, though homely, was of that quality best suited to the long-fasting soldiers of Cleveland; a fact which was well tested when the soldiers were called in, and sat down around the table, for they did ample justice to what they saw before them, and fully satisfied the cravings of the inner-man. In a short time the troopers retired to rest, and Cleveland, his wife and Tommy, after a short converse, followed them.

The next morning all were up and stirring by the time the first faint streaks of dawn were discernible in the horizon, and speedy preparations were making for departure. When the morning meal had been eaten, and the troops were all mounted in readiness to leave, with Tommy Dexter among the number, Lieut. Cleveland sought his wife to speak a few last words, cautioning her to guard against future dangers, and above all to beware of Col. Bayley, who might, as he feared, still have some design upon her.

"Be not fearful, dearest," said Nancy, "nor give your mind any unnecessary trouble. I will live worthy of thee, or die!"

"And now farewell," he said, imprinting upon her ruby lips a kiss of pure affection.

"Farewell," she replied, returning his salute; and accompanying him to the door, he left her, and taking the reins of his horse from the hand of Tommy Dexter, he vaulted into the saddle, and gave orders for the troop to move onward.

Nancy watched her husband, who waved his hand to her ever and anon, until a bend in the road shut him from further view, and then entered the house, to be hereafter, for a time, its solitary inhabitant.

Lieut. Cleveland and his company rode away at quite a brisk pace, as he wished to reach the camp of Sumpter before night—a distance, as he supposed, of more than thirty miles, and the exact whereabouts of which he anticipated some trouble in finding.

The sun had nearly reached its meridian, and he and his troop had rode somewhere near twenty miles, when one of his lookouts, in advance, turned and rode back at full speed, reporting to him that a large force, probably some three or four hundred in number, were marching toward them, scarcely half a mile distant. From their appearance, he came to the conclusion that they were either royalists or tories. Cleveland instantly brought his men to a halt, and sent off two of them to reconnoitre, and ascertain in reality whether they were friends or enemies. They soon returned with the information that they were tories, and not less than three hundred strong.

"We cannot meet them, and therefore must elude their sight," said Lieut. Cleveland. "Let us strike through the wood here, and gain another road to the west. There is an opening just ahead."

They accordingly rode forward, and were just entering the opening in the wood, when a volley of musketry checked their onward progress, and sent three or four of them reeling from their saddles. The smoke had scarcely cleared away, ere twenty or thirty tories, who had been lying in ambush, rode forward and engaged them. Lieut. Cleveland and his men gallantly stood their ground, and after about ten minutes contention, were upon the point of repulsing them, when the larger force of the enemy, which had been discovered in advance, rapidly coming forward, obliged the lieutenant and his men to surrender, as they were completely surrounded. Tommy Dexter and three others, however, succeeded after some difficulty in effecting their escape.

As Lieut. Cleveland, handing his sword to the commanding officer of the tory detachment, stepped forward, he recognized Col. Bayley. The latter, with some surprise as he received it, exclaimed:

"Lieutenant Cleveland, I believe?"

"The same, sir," was the reply.

"We have met before."

"Yes."

"I thought so. It does not require a very great effort of memory," he uttered, with a sarcastic smile, "to tell under what circumstances we met. I am happy to think I have you in my power."

"I shall expect the treatment due to a prisoner of war."

"You shall have it. But, aside from that, I shall hold you answerable for the ungentlemanly manner in which you treated me on the occasion of our last meeting."

"I but treated you as you deserved, when you ceased to act the part of a gentleman."

"But I must have redress."

"I offer you satisfaction in any honorable way."

"You must be punished."

"What! for resenting the insults of a blackguard upon my wife!"

"Have a care! You use strong language!"

"No stronger than the subject admits of."

"But I have the power; I have only a word to utter, to have you dangling by the neck in less than five minutes—dancing upon nothing!"

"That would be but the poor revenge of a coward! I do not fear *that* even. You dare not do it!"

"Do not be too sure."

"Meet me like a man with either sword or pistol, if your wounded honor needs healing so badly."

"I would not demean myself so far. Were we equal—"

"Equal! I think, if any one has reason to quarrel on the grounds of equality, it is I, not you."

"You! a simple lieutenant in the cause of rebellion, of treason, while I—"

"A colonel in his Britannic Majesty's service—the cause of tyranny and oppression! I can appreciate the distinction, Colonel Bayley. You, sir, the leader of a band of desperadoes and cut-throats; one of the desolators of our fair fields; a blackguard, a villain, an insulter of defenceless women, will not stoop to—"

"You have said enough!" angrily interrupted Col. Bayley. "For the present, you are safe, but I have a punishment yet in store for you."

"Beware how you misuse your power! Any harm done to me will recoil with tenfold vicience upon your own head!"

"Ha! do you threaten? Sergeant Hoskins, where are you? Here, handcuff this rebel!"

"Ay, ay!" was the response of the man addressed.

"That were needless," said the lieutenant; "I shall not resist you, or seek to escape. However, I submit to the degradation."

"It is not that you do," answered the colonel, with a sardonic grin of triumph.

Cleveland's eyes flashed fire at the unmanly words and looks of the tory colonel; and the eyes of the latter quailed as they met the stern gaze of the prisoner; and turning away, he gave orders for the detachment to move forward, as the prisoners had all been secured.

When Col. Bayley and his detachment, with the prisoners, had travelled about ten miles further, and within sight of the house of the residence of Cleveland, they came to a halt; and having selected a good camping ground, the colonel resolved to make it his place of encampment for two or three days and nights to come. A few small, untenanted houses near by were occupied by his men as their quarters while there, and the prisoners were put in a barn with a strong guard placed over them.

To say truth, although Col. Bayley had met with a most decided and scornful repulse, in his recent attempt to weaken the fidelity of Cleveland's wife, to say nothing of the unequivocal manner in which his rudeness had been checked by her husband, yet he still had a desire to get her in his power; for her almost miraculous beauty, joined with her graceful bearing and modest mien, excited within his breast a feeling of love, which, although guilty, was as great as could be possessed by one of his selfish nature.

Early the next morning he resolved, as her husband was in his power, to send a detachment to seize her, and bring her before him, it being his intention that she never more should see her husband. With this resolve in view, about nine o'clock in the forenoon of the next day, he sent off a dozen men under one of his sergeants, named Benson, with orders to proceed to Lieut. Cleveland's residence with all despatch, and bring back with them, willingly or forcibly, the lieutenant's wife.

About an hour after their departure, the colonel sought Cleveland's place of confinement, and after some few preliminary remarks, and a few words of feigned condolence, said:

"By the way, lieutenant, I have just sent a detachment off to your house."

"To my house! What for?" the lieutenant asked, with a start.

"Your punishment will soon commence," was the ambiguous answer.

"For Heaven's sake, explain yourself!"

"Your wife will soon be wholly within my power."

"My wife?"

"Yes, *my* wife, or rather *your* wife," was the answer; "and we will then see how far you will be able to take her part again."

"Dare, Colonel Bayley, to injure but one hair of her head—dare to use one word of insult to her, and I will have the most deadly revenge upon you!"

"Ha! ha! ha! you talk bravely, lieutenant," was the scornful answer, accompanied by a laugh. "But your talk is only madness. Know, rebel that you are, that you have seen your wife for the last time! Henceforward, she *must* and *shall* be mine, for—"

"Villanous tory! I'll tear that lying tongue from your throat!" madly exclaimed Cleveland, springing forward, and raising his manacled hands, as though to strike the heartless miscreant dead.

But ere he could accomplish his purpose, he was seized by two of the guards, and after a severe struggle, born backwards to the floor.

"Chain the rebel to the floor!" loudly vociferated the tory colonel; and in a few minutes the order was executed.

"You see that I *am* master here, Lieutenant Cleveland, and you may believe what I have said is and shall be true; and furthermore, that, ere forty-eight hours have passed, you may be food for the wild beasts of the forest!"

"Do your worst," said Cleveland; "but you will not dare to injure my wife, or to take my life, if you value your own!"

"We shall see," and the colonel, without more words, left the lieutenant in care of his guards.

Let us now go back to the time of the escape of Tommy Dexter, and the three others, from the clutches of Col. Bayley and his detachment of tories.

Tommy Dexter and his three companions, as soon as they had eluded the pursuit of their tory enemies, came to a halt, to hold a short consultation as to where they would direct their course after this unfortunate capture of all their troop. They at length came to the conclusion that they would go back to the house of Cleveland, and inform his wife of all that had happened, and then immediately after set out for the camp of Sumpter, and as soon as they could find him, give him that information which would enable him, if expeditious, to completely cut up and destroy Col. Bayley's command. Accordingly they started on at a brisk trot, and soon after dark reached the abode of Nancy Cleveland.

She met them at the door, not a little surprised at their return. They related what had happened in as few words as possible, and stated then their intention of seeking out Sumpter.

"My husband a prisoner, and in the power of that ruthless tory, Colonel Bayley!" said Nancy, almost overwhelmed for a moment at this sudden and astounding intelligence.

"Yes, sister," answered Tommy; "and it is our desire to find Sumpter as soon as we are able; for if he has not heard of the tory's movements, or of his whereabouts, he will be glad to learn something which will give him a chance to meet him, and perhaps destroy his force, and rescue Rufus and the rest."

"Rufus must be rescued if possible, and without delay," said Nancy; "for the full wickedness the tory leader is capable of, we perhaps can scarcely imagine! Every moment that Rufus is in his power, is fraught with danger to him! You say Colonel Bayley was coming in this direction?"

"Yes," replied Tommy; "but if he has any intention of visiting you, he will not probably come before some time to-morrow, but will encamp somewhere on the route to night."

"We are not so sure of that, Tommy! He knows of your escape; and if he has any design upon me, he will be along to-night, knowing that otherwise your information might give me timely warning to leave."

"That is very true," said one of the men.

"And yet with the distance he had already travelled, it is very doubtful if he would try to reach here. Besides, he may not have thought we would come here at all," said Tommy.

"Did you intend setting out for Sumpter's camp to night?" asked Nancy.

"Such was our intention," one of the troopers replied.

"What! as you are?"

"Yes," said Tommy.

"That will not do," said Nancy. "If you do not wait until morning, at all events you must have a larger number of men with you."

"But the worst of it is, where are we to get them?" inquired another one of the troopers.

"I will get them for you!" replied Nancy.

"You! How?" asked Tommy.

"There are some eight or ten men about the neighborhood here, whom I know are soon expecting to join either Marion or Sumpter; those will I get to accompany us to Sumpter's camp."

"*Us?*" interrogated Tommy Dexter.

"Ay, *us!*" responded Nancy. "My husband, above all things, must be rescued from the vile tory's power, and therefore I will accompany you, and, what is more, as your commander!"

"But, sister—" commenced Tommy.

"There! say no more, brother! I *will* go, armed and equipped, too! Go you, with the rest, into the house, and get yourselves something to eat. In the meantime I will saddle Black Fan, and go off for the men. Await my return, and keep a good lookout up the road!"

After a word or two more, Nancy started off for the stable, and Tommy and the three men entered the house. Arrived at the stable, Nancy hastily saddled Black Fan, mounted, and started off on her errand.

We will not follow her, but merely will state that an hour subsequently she returned with two men, both well mounted, and gave out that, ere break of day, five more would be at the house, armed, equipped, mounted, and ready.

"I am sorry that we are obliged to stay until morning," said one of the men.

"And so am I," said Tommy.

"And I," responded Nancy. "but as it is necessary, we will endeavor to improve the time by quick riding in the morning."

By the break of day nine more men had joined the six, including Tommy, at the house; and ere the sun's red disc had shown itself in the eastern horizon, they all started off for Sumpter's camp, with Nancy Cleveland as their captain. Over hill, and dale, and plain, along stony, muddy, broken roads, galloped this little band of patriots; and they probably had arrived within two miles of the tory encampment, when Tommy cried out that he would ride on ahead, as the tory camp could not be far away, and it would not do for them to be discovered. As soon as any sign of the tory camp could be perceived, they intended to strike into the woods to the left, and after having left the tories in the rear, again come into the same road they were now on.

Tommy, who had started on in advance, in a few minutes came galloping back, exclaiming:

"Into the woods! Into the woods! There is a small body of men coming forward—not more than a dozen in all. I think they are tories, and by getting into the thick part of the wood, we can surprise them, if we find they are."

The troop, by Nancy's orders, immediately entered the wood, and in less than quarter of an hour they could discern in the distance the detachment discovered by Tommy coming along. It was the body of twelve men sent out by Col. Bayley, under Sergeant Benson. In a little while they had come along so near, that they could be distinctly seen by the party in the wood.

"They are tories, and no mistake," said one of the men. "I can recognize their leader, that villain, Benson!"

"And no doubt they are sent forward on purpose to seize you," said Tommy, to his sister. "You know Bayley threatened to yet have you in his power."

"But they will soon find I am not so easily taken, if such is their wish," said our heroine. "Wait until they have arrived exactly in front of us," added she, perceiving that the man who had just spoken, was taking aim at Benson, "and then give them a full volley!"

"My shot is reserved for their leader, at any rate!" said the man. "It was him who sabered my brother at Rocky Mount, after he had cried for quarter."

"Now fire all at once!" cried Nancy Cleveland, "and then draw your swords and gallop out upon them!"

The fifteen guns blazed simultaneously, and the sergeant and three of his men fell from their saddles. Nancy and her men, with drawn swords, then galloped out and engaged the remainder. Scarcely two minutes had elapsed, ere all the tories were *hors du combat*, save two, one of which was taken prisoner, while the other escaped.

Nancy's troop escaped uninjured, with the exception of one man slightly wounded. From the prisoner she learned that his followers and himself had been sent out by Col. Bayley to capture her, and bring her to him. He further told her that they were then scarcely two miles from the tory encampment, where her husband and his followers were retained as prisoners of war.

"Now," at length asked Nancy, "can you tell me in what part General Sumpter can be found?"

"I can, very nearly," said the prisoner, "as I encamped more than twenty times there, and ten miles or more Monk's Corner."

"Have you learned how large Sumpter's force is?"

"It is reported to be more than strong."

"I have a proposal to make the prisoner. Guide me and my Sumpter's camp, and once there Will you do it?"

"Yes," replied the tory.

"It is well," said Nancy; "if you try to deceive me, or endeavor into your countrymen's hands, pay the forfeit if you are treacherous."

"You need not fear," the tory replied; "I have done my last fighting against home."

"You will be at liberty. A onward through the woods! swiftly in order to keep clear of for the tory who has fled will camp and tell all, when, no doubt, we will be despatched in pursuit of Nancy's detachment, with rode swiftly away through the er road, pursuing their way to Sumpter. The tory kept his eight o'clock in the evening, near vicinity to Sumpter's although dark, that it was his men had learned the fact at the route.

"Now you are free," said Nancy as they all could see the glimmering within the camp.

The tory, uttering a few words the rein to his horse, and rode

The relief guard was just Nancy and her men arrived u of the encampment.

"Who goes there?" cried posted sentinels.

"Friends to freedom and t miles to King George and his dons!" was the cry of Nancy

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General Sumpter, who was writing, started slightly on hi ing ushered into his presen might, for the long ride she h with the skirmish and other day, lent additional beauty to tures; while the tightly fitti the tasseled cap upon her h white and blue scarf hangin ders, set off her form to its Furthermore, a small sword and a belt about her waist, in two pistols, gave her an inte Struck with admiration at t semble of Nancy, the general ately recovered his self poss forward a camp chair, court be seated, further asking, to tribute the honor of her visit related to him, in brief, the hand and his men, and also day in which she had herself forming him, moreover, of t of Col. Bayley, as far as s the number of men he had

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"Now," at length asked Nancy, of the tory, "can you tell me in what part of the country General Sumpter can be found?"

"I can, very nearly," said the tory. "He is encamped more than twenty-five miles from here, and ten miles or more farther on than Monk's Corner."

"Have you learned how large a force he commands?"

"It is reported to be more than four hundred strong."

"I have a proposal to make. You are my prisoner. Guide me and my men safely to Sumpter's camp, and once there, you are free. Will you do it?"

"Yes," replied the tory.

"It is well," said Nancy; "but beware how you try to deceive me, or endeavor to lead me into your countrymen's hands. Your life shall pay the forfeit if you are treacherous!"

"You need not fear," the tory answered. "I have done my last fighting. Once free, and I return home."

"You will be at liberty. And now, my men, onward through the woods! We must ride swiftly in order to keep clear of Bayley's troops; for the tory who has fled will soon reach his camp and tell all, when, no doubt, a larger force will be despatched in pursuit of us."

Nancy's detachment, with the tory prisoner, rode swiftly away through the woods into another road, pursuing their way towards the camp of Sumpter. The tory kept his word, and about eight o'clock in the evening, brought them in near vicinity to Sumpter's camp. Nancy knew, although dark, that it was his camp, because her men had learned the fact at different places on the route.

"Now you are free," said Nancy, to the tory, as they all could see the glimmering of the lights within the camp.

The tory, uttering a few words of thanks, gave the rein to his horse, and rode quickly away.

The relief guard was just going its rounds, as Nancy and her men arrived upon the outskirts of the encampment.

"Who goes there?" cried one of the newly-posted sentinels.

"Friends to freedom and the colonies! Enemies to King George and his hireling myrmidons!" was the cry of Nancy Cleveland.

"Dismount, friends, and tell your business!"

The sergeant of the guard was summoned, to whom Nancy addressed herself, stating that she had come, with her followers, to join the brigade of General Sumpter; and that, as she had news of importance to communicate, she desired to be shown into the general's presence.

Her men entered the camp, where quarters were soon provided for them; and she, herself, was conducted into the general's marquee, where the general then was.

General Sumpter, who was seated at a table, writing, started slightly on his lady visitor's being ushered into his presence. And well he might, for the long ride she had taken, together with the skirmish and other excitements of the day, lent additional beauty to her handsome features; while the tightly-fitting habit she wore, the tasseled cap upon her head, and the staple white and blue scarf hanging across her shoulders, set off her form to its greatest advantage. Furthermore, a small sword hanging by her side, and a belt about her waist, in which were thrust two pistols, gave her an interesting appearance. Struck with admiration at the pleasing *tout ensemble* of Nancy, the general, however, immediately recovered his self-possession, and bringing forward a camp-chair, courteously asked her to be seated, farther asking, to what he might attribute the honor of her visit at that time. She related to him, in brief, the capture of her husband and his men, and also the skirmish of the day in which she had herself been engaged; informing him, moreover, of the present situation of Col. Bayley, as far as she knew, as well as the number of men he had with him.

After half an hour's discourse, the general came to the conclusion that he would, for the time, give up the other intentions he had in view, and, on the morrow, accompanied by our heroine and her command, go in quest of the tory, Bayley. Nancy was much pleased at his decision, and at the promptness he promised to display, and left him with a light heart.

We will now return to the camp of Col. Bayley. The tory who had succeeded in escaping from the detachment of Nancy, soon reached his camp, and reported the unfortunate issue of the day's affair. The colonel was excessively chagrined at this ill news, and not a little surprised upon learning the heroic part taken by Cleveland's wife.

Thinking, however, that Nancy and her troop might be overtaken, he instantly despatched fifty men in pursuit. They returned before night, reporting that they had not seen anything of the "rebels," nor had they even obtained a clue as to where they had gone.

The colonel, therefore, was obliged to give up his hopes, for the present, regarding Nancy Cleveland; but declared his intention of leaving his present camping ground, with all his command, the next day but one, with the view of looking up her place of retreat.

The news of Nancy's heroic conduct, and her participation in the attack and defeat of the tories sent to capture her, soon reached Lieutenant Cleveland, and was a source of as much joy to him, as it was of chagrin and anger to his tory enemy.

The whole of the next day was spent by the tories in making preparations for a grand banquet, to be given at the colonel's quarters that night, in honor of his thirty-fifth birthday, and to which all his officers and soldiers, as well as his prisoners, were invited.

Lieut. Cleveland, as well as his men, positively refused to accept the invitation given by the colonel, knowing that their acceptance only was desired, in order to subject them, through the evening, to the insult, the contumely, the ridicule of the whole regiment; unless he would order their handcuffs to be taken off, and the perfect freedom of their limbs to be given them. The lieutenant knew that Col. Bayley might oblige them to be present, and therefore did not wish to express his unwillingness if he granted this request; and his men, in all things, were governed by him.

The colonel finally acquiesced in this proposition, and when all was in readiness for the commencement of the banquet, their irons were knocked off, and they accompanied their guards to the large banqueting hall, in the house where the colonel held his quarters.

The evening entertainments were gotten up in a manner which did honor to the taste of the colonel, and nothing was wanting but "lovely woman's" presence to render the night joyous.

We will not speak of the bountiful provision made for a time of mirth, of jollity, or dwell upon the festive scenes of the evening; but will merely state that Cleveland and his men, as they had thought, were subjected during the evening to every species of insult.

It was near the midnight hour. The feast was over. The wine had been for some time freely circulating among the tories, though Cleveland and his men had drank but little. Every minute the mirth of the former became more uproarious, the ribald jest and song creating an almost Babel-like confusion, and denoting the stimulating qualities of the ruby wine; and the prisoners, becoming more and more the subjects of unfeeling ridicule, of insulting innuendos, of blackguard jesting, the lieutenant at length expressed to Col. Bayley a wish that he and his men might be allowed to depart to their place of confinement.

"Depart! What! so soon?" was the reply of the colonel, who was already more than half drunk. "No, no, not yet, lieutenant! I am afraid you'll lose the best of the sport! Here's to your health, lieutenant," he added, pouring out a glass of wine. "By-the-by, my merry men, all, fill up your glasses! I have a toast to give."

The tories with one accord filled their glasses to the brim.

"Are you ready?" he cried.

"Ay, ay," was the response. "Give us the toast!"

"Here, then," said the colonel, "here's to the health of his Majesty, King George the Third, and all his loyal subjects! Destruction, ruin, death to the rebel Washington, the Continental Congress, and every rebellious colonist in the land!"

The burning blush of indignation appeared upon the face of the lieutenant at the utterance of this insulting toast. He could command himself no longer. Springing suddenly from his seat, he exclaimed:

"Dastard! coward! villain! dare you offer such an insult to me?" Then seizing the colonel's glass, as he was about raising it to his lips, he flung its contents full in his face.

Col. Bayley's features instantly assumed a livid hue; the boldness of the act completely sobering him.

"Rebel dog! what mean you?" he cried, as he started up, while the tories around the table, with their raised glasses, sat, for an instant, as though appalled.

"It means," was the exclamation of the lieutenant, dashing the emptied glass to the floor, and breaking it into a thousand pieces, "it means that thus I revenge your insult!"

"Your blood be upon your own head!" roared the colonel. "Seize him, my men! seize him!"

"Let them come on! but you shall not live to rejoice in my capture!" And Cleveland springing forward, grasped him by the throat, and bore him backward to the floor, when the tories, springing up from the table, dragged him from the colonel's body, and gave the latter, half suffocated, an opportunity to rise.

The men of Cleveland, ever prompt to act, upon the rising up of the tories, many of whom were laboring under the effects of the wine, sprang upon them, and each securing a weapon, began cutting away to the right and left with fatal effect. But the number of their enemies was too great for them to successfully contend with, and they were upon the point of yielding, when the successive reports of several volleys of musketry, and the loud clashing of swords without, causing a momentary cessation of hostilities within, both the tory colonel and his men that a new enemy was at hand. At that instant one of the guards rushed into the hall, proclaiming to the astonished tories, that they were completely surrounded by the brigade of Sumpter.

"Death and fury!" shouted the colonel, who had recovered from the effects of Cleveland's gripe. "Out again!" he cried to the guard, "and bid the men stand their ground! In a moment they shall have aid!"

About two-thirds of the tories were in the hall, the remainder being in care of the camp, or stationed as outposts. It was these latter who were attacked by Sumpter.

"Push forward to the entrance!" shouted the colonel. "Give them no quarter!" The men of Cleveland were crushed beneath the feet of the tories in their egress from the building; Cleveland being the only one who succeeded in escaping. "Shoot the rebel down, ere he escape!" cried the colonel, pointing to Cleveland. But before any one could obey the order, the whole body was thrown into confusion by a tremendous volley of bullets pouring into their midst.

Cleveland soon procured one of the tories' horses, and sought the scene of strife, which had now become general.

"Stand your ground, men!" shouted the colonel. "Forward! Cut them down!"

"Ha! the tory colonel!" cried the shrill voice of our heroine, who had come with the brigade, riding forward to where Sumpter was cheering on his men.

Col. Bayley and Cleveland both perceived her at the same instant, as she rushed forward with her drawn sword to engage the former.

"Nancy! my wife! by all that's good!" exclaimed Cleveland, as he rushed forward to aid her. At the same moment Nancy's pistol was discharged at the head of the British officer, who fell dead at her feet!

The rout of the tories was now complete, the victory gained, and honor was freely bestowed upon Cleveland's heroic wife.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LILLA BELL.

BY J. DAY BARRON.

Where the flowers were sweetly blooming,
And the butterfly was roaming;
And the golden sunlight fell,
Bathing valley, hill and dell,
Came Lilla Bell—sweet Lilla Bell.

Her graceful step was light and airy,
Her form was neat as fabled fairy;
And she glided o'er the mossy dell,
To find the flowers she loved so well—
Sweet Lilla Bell—bright Lilla Bell.

The winter came with snows and sleeting,
And chilling storms and rain-drops beating,
No more across the sunny hills,
Could Lilla roam—for she was ill!
Dear Lilla Bell—sweet Lilla Bell.

Spring came again with blooming flowers,
And birds rang in their leafy bowers;
And Lilla came again to meet them
But not with cheerful smiles to meet them—
Poor Lilla Bell—poor Lilla Bell.

Her step had lost its buoyant gladness,
Her eye was filled with pensive gladness;
Her form was bowed with heart-felt grief—
For her the spring brought no relief—
Poor Lilla Bell—dear Lilla Bell.

When the stars were brightly gleaming,
And the moon's pale light was beaming,
And dews of heavenly fragrance fell—
And sang the lonely whip-poor-will,
Came Lilla Bell—poor Lilla Bell.

Where the cypress boughs were bending,
On the bank was Lilla standing;
And with a shriek of wild despair,
Her sweet form cleft the yielding air—
Poor Lilla Bell—sweet Lilla Bell.

Where the golden fish were swimming—
Where the pearly shells were gleaming—
Where the rippling waves fell,
And beat the rocks with mournful knell—
Lay Lilla Bell—lost Lilla Bell

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

JOE LATTIT'S DUEL.

BY WILLIAM F. FROST.

While the old frigate Brandywine lay at Gibraltar, the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and, after some consultation said man was received by the captain as a sort of steward, he having agreed to work for his passage and board, and some slight consideration besides. His name was Joe Lattit, and he was a regular specimen of the strolling Yankee; but he dressed well, and was remarkably good looking, though there was in his face a peculiar look which indicated that he preferred fun to sound sense, allowing, however, that the fun had some sense to it. The moment I placed my eyes upon the man, I knew I had seen him before, and when I had an opportunity to speak with him, I found that he had been a performer of legerdemain and ventriloquism in the United States, and there I had seen him. He had travelled through England, France, and a part of Spain with his implements of deception, and had just brought up at Gibraltar when our ship came in. He brought the whole kit on board in a large chest, which he got permission to stow in the bread room, where it would be kept perfectly dry. He had quite a "pile" of money, which he placed in the purser's hands for safe keeping, but he would tell none of us how much. But he was liberal and open-hearted, and it was not long before the crew blessed the hour that brought him on board, for he was the very soul of wit and humor.

At length our ship went to Port Mahon, and here our Yankee tars were at home. One pleasant morning a party of us went on shore, and Joe Lattit was among our number. Joe was dressed in a perfect shore-going rig, and appeared a gentleman of consequence. Near the middle of the forenoon a few of us entered a cafe, and the only occupant, besides the keeper, was a Spanish officer, evidently an infantry captain, from his dress. We called for wine, and had it served upon a table next to the one at which the officer sat, Joe seating himself so that his back came against the back of the Spaniard; but he did not notice, when he sat down, how close he would be.

Our laugh and jest ran high, and just as Joe said something more than usually funny, he threw himself back, and thereby hit the Spaniard with such force as to cause him to spill a glass of wine upon his bosom. The fellow leaped to his feet, but before Joe could beg pardon for the unintentional mishap, he commenced a torrent of oath and invective, partly in Spanish, and partly in broken English. His language was so abusive that Joe's temper was up in a moment, and instead of asking pardon as he had intended, he surveyed the raving man from head to foot, and then said:

"Go on, sir. Your language is beautiful—very beautiful for a gentleman."

"Ah! you call me no gentleman, eh?" uttered the officer, in a towering passion.

"If I were going to call you, I should call you a jackass!" calmly and contemptuously uttered Joe.

"Aha-a-ah!" half growled the Spaniard, rolling his black eyes wildly and furiously. "Now, by Santa Mario, you shall answer for that. I am gentecelman! But you—you—one leetle cursed puppy! Ah-a-a-ah! Now you shall fight!"

Joe would have laughed the matter off, but he found that the captain was determined to fight, and at length he resolved to accommodate him. The keeper of the cafe called me one side, and informed me that the officer was Captain Antonio Bizar, one of the most notorious duellists in the place,—that he was always quarrelsome when under the influence of liquor, and that his companions always left him alone, rather than have a fuss with him.

"Not five minutes before you came in," added the keeper, "four of his fellow officers left him, because they saw he was ripe for a fuss. So you had better get your friend away."

I pulled Joe away, and told him all that had just been told me, but he only smiled, and assured me that there was nothing to fear. I felt sure at once, from his very manner, that he had some safe fun in his head, and I let him go.

"My name is Joseph Lattit, sir,—a citizen of the United States, and general of the order of Sublime Darkness," said Joe, pompously, turning to the Spaniard. "Your name, sir!"

"Antonio Bizar, captain in Her Most Catholic Majesty's seventh regiment of Infantry. But your office, sir! I don't comprehend."

"O, you wouldn't know if I should tell you. I am simply general of a body of men who have sold themselves to the gentleman who burns sinners and heretics, down here." And Joe pointed most mysteriously down towards the floor as he spoke.

The Spaniard smiled a very bitter, sarcastic smile, and thereupon Joe took up two large knives which lay upon the bar, and tossed them, one after the other, down his throat, making several wry faces as they took their passage downward. The fellow had evidently never seen anything of the kind done before, for he was astounded.

"Now, sir," said Joe, making one or two more grimaces, as though he still felt the knives somewhere in the region of the diaphragm, "you will wait here until I go and bring my pistols, and you shall have satisfaction. Will you wait?"

"I can procure pistols," said the officer, forgetting his astonishment, and coming back to his anger.

"I shall fight with my own! If you are a gentleman you will wait here!"

Joe then turned to us and bade us wait for him.

"Here! here! O, *crier!*" cried the keeper, "where be mine knifes?"

"I'll pay you for 'em when I come back," said Joe, and then he beckoned for me to come out. I did so, and he took the knives—one from his bosom, and the other from his sleeve—and told me to keep them until he returned.

It seems that Joe found a boat ready to take him off to the ship at once, for he was not gone over three quarters of an hour, and when he came back he had two superbly mounted pistols with him. He loaded them with powder in the presence of the Spaniard, and then handing him a ball, he asked him if he would mark it, so he would know it again. The fellow hesitated at first, but at length he took it, with a mad gesture, and bit it between his teeth.

"I shall know that," he said, unless it is battered against your bones."

"Now select your pistol," said Joe.

The man took them both and examined them, but he was satisfied that they were both alike, and both good, and he told Joe he had no choice. So our steward put the balls in, and rammed them carefully down.

The whole party now adjourned to a wide court, back of the cafe, where twelve paces were marked off, and then the combatants took their stations. I trembled for poor Joe, for I saw not yet how he would make fun of this.

"Count!" cried the Spaniard, impatiently.

"One—two—three!"

The captain fired first, and with a most deliberate aim. Joe fired into the air. Then the latter walked deliberately up to his antagonist, and taking a bullet from between his teeth, he handed it to him.

"You can use it next time!" said Joe.

The officer looked first at Joe's teeth, and then at the ball. It was sure enough the one he had seen put into the pistol, and now he had seen his foeman take it from his mouth. He was unmistakably astounded.

"Come," cried Joe, "let's load again!"

"San Peblo!" exclaimed Bizar, "you use some—what you call him—some trick, eh? By San Jago, I shall load the pistol myself!"

"Do so," said Joe, calmly, and as he spoke he handed over his powder flask.

The Spaniard poured out an extra quantity of powder, and having poured it into the pistol, he called for the rammer. He then put in the same ball which he had used before. Meanwhile, Joe had been loading his own pistol.

"One moment," uttered Joe, reaching out his hand. "The caps are in the butt of your pistol. Let me get them."

The fellow passed over his pistol, but he kept his eyes upon it. Joe opened a little silver spring at the end of the butt, and true, there were some percussion caps there. He took out two, and having capped his own pistol, he gave it a toss into the air, catching it adroitly as it came down, and then handed back the other to the Spaniard. I had watched Joe most carefully, but I saw nothing out of the way,—*and yet he had changed pistols with his foe!*

"Now," said he, "I'll put a ball into my pistol, and then we'll be ready."

He slipped something in, which looked to me like a cartridge, but no one else saw it.

"Now," cried the Spaniard, "let's see you hold this in your mouth!"

Again they took their stations, and again they were ready.

"One—two—three!"

And the Spaniard fired first by aim, Joe firing into the air as before. And again Joe stepped forward and took the self-same bullet from his mouth and handed it to his antagonist! The fellow was completely dumfounded, and so were the rest.

"You no fire at me!" gasped the captain.

"I'll fire at you the next time!" said Joe, in a tone of thunder. "Thus far I have only shown you that powder and ball can have no effect on me. Twice have you fired at me, with as true a pistol as ever was made, and both times have I caught your ball between my teeth, while I have fired in the air. I meant that you should live long enough to know that for once in your life you had seen, if not the old fellow himself (pointing meaningly downward), at least one who is in his employ! The old gentleman will like the company of a Spanish captain of infantry, and I'll send you along! Come, load up again!"

But the astonished Spaniard did not seem inclined to do so. A man who swallowed carving-knives as he would sardines, and who caught pistol-balls between his teeth, was not exactly the man for him to deal with. While he was pondering upon what he had seen, Joe took a handful of bullets from his pocket, and began to toss them rapidly down his throat, and when these were gone, he picked up half a dozen good-sized stones, and sent them after the bullets!

"Holy Santa Marie!" ejaculated the Spaniard, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "What a man! By my soul, 'tis the devil!"

And as he thus spoke he turned on his heel and hurried away from the place. After he was gone, Joe beckoned for me to give him the knives. I did so, and then saw him slip them up his coat sleeves. When we returned to the cafe, he approached the keeper.

"You want your knives," he said.

But the poor fellow dared not speak. Joe put his hand to his right ear, and pulled one of the long knives out. Then from the left ear he drew the other one! The keeper crossed himself in terror, and shrank trembling away. But we finished our wine, and having paid for it, we turned to go.

"Here," said Joe, "I haven't paid for the use of the yard yet," and as he spoke he threw down a piece of silver upon the counter.

"No! no! no!" shrieked the poor fellow. "O, *crier!* don't leave your money here,—don't!"

Joe picked it up, and went away, laughing. When we were alone, he explained to me the secret of his pistols. They were a pair he had used in his legerdemain performances, and such as all wizards use who perform tricks of catching balls, etc. The main barrel of the pistol had no connection whatever with the nipple for the cap; but what appeared to be a socket for the rammer, was, in fact, a second barrel,—to be sure smaller than the other, but yet as large as the bore of any rifle-pistol,—and with this secret barrel the priming-tube connected. So the apparent barrel of the weapon might be filled with powder and balls, and no harm could be done. When Joe first returned with his pistols, of course he had both these secret bores loaded with blank charges, and then the other loading was for nothing but effect in appearance. At the second loading Joe had charged the secret barrel of his own pistol while the Spaniard had been filling up the main barrel of his. Then, of course, it became necessary to make an exchange, else Bizar would have never got his weapon of us. As soon as Joe got the other pistol into his possession, and made the exchange which we spoke of at the time, he had only to press smartly upon a secret spring on the side of the stock, and he had the whole charge, which the other had put in, emptied into his hand. So he had the marked ball to dispose of as he chose.

Ever after that, while we remained in Mahon, Joe Lattit was an object of both curiosity and dread on shore, for an account, all colored to suit the exaggerated conceptions of the cafe keeper, had been spread over the city, and the pious Catholics there wanted nothing to do with such a man, only to be sure and keep on his good-humored side.

DO AS YOU PROMISE

There is no necessity for breaking your word. In the first place, never promise anything, unless you know it to be in your power to fulfil; and, in the second place, make up your mind before you promise, that whatever you do promise, you will fulfil. By so doing, you will gain and enjoy the confidence of those around you. When such a character is established, it will be of more value than ermine, gold, or princely diadems.—*Butler.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SUMMER HOURS.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

It is the year's high noon,
The earth sweet incense yields,
And o'er the fresh green fields,
Bends the clear sky of June.

I leave the crowded streets,
The hum of busy life,
Its clamor and its strife,
To breathe thy perfumed sweets.

O rare and golden hours!
The birds' melodious song
Wareline is borne along
Upon a strand of flowers.

I wander far away,
Where, through the forest trees,
Sports the cool summer breeze,
In wild and wanton play.

A patriarchal elm
Its stately front upreara,
Which twice a hundred years,
Has ruled this woodland realm.

I sit beneath its shade,
And watch with careless eye,
The brook that babbles by,
And cools the leafy glade.

In truth I wonder not
That in the ancient days
The temples of God's praise
Were mound and leafy grot.

The noblest ever planned
With quaint device and rare,
By man, can ill compare
With these from God's own hand.

Pilgrim with way-worn feet,
Who, treading life's dull round,
No true repose hast found,
Come to this green retreat.

For bird, and flower, and tree,
Green fields and woodland wild,
Shall bear with voices mild,
Sweet messages to thee.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FIRST PATIENT.

BY WALTER GAYLORD.

There are events which make a lasting impression upon us. One of these I would attempt to narrate. From his boyhood I had been acquainted with Herbert Vaughan; he early gave indications of genius, and his father destined him to a professional life. He accordingly passed through his academical education, and was a brilliant scholar in the university where he graduated. The father of Herbert Vaughan was not a wealthy man, and it was only by making some surrenders of his own personal comforts that he secured the means to defray his son's expenses while in college, it seeming not to have entered the good man's heart but with that ouilay Herbert would be furnished with all requisite facilities to make his way in the world.

Not so thought the young man, for thus he reasoned. "What man can expect to attain eminence, or become distinguished in the medical faculty, unless he has travelled abroad? What student now-a-days but attends medical lectures in France, and daily visits the hospitals in Paris? And were not most of his associates determined to complete their medical studies in a foreign country?" Now to do this involved a sum of money which Mr. Vaughan senior knew not how to expend upon Herbert Vaughan junior, and had it not been that his mother so interposed and his sisters so entreated, promising to greatly reduce their annual allowance, that it might be bestowed upon their promising brother, Herbert Vaughan never could have visited Paris. As it was, he received a comfortable outfit, and set sail, in company with his associates, with a cheerful heart.

The prayers for his safety, and the anxieties in his behalf, were not realized by our young friend, any more than the difficulty of procuring his outfit; consequently, the sum thus passed in Herbert's treasury was prodigally expended, and upon his arrival in Paris he found himself obliged to take cheap lodgings, and afterwards to devise some means to replenish his purse. After he had lived upon his scanty resources for nearly half a year, the thought struck him that he might commence practising in a small way in his profession. He therefore informed a few of his American friends of his intentions, and solicited their attention to the fact. It is with regard to his first patient that we shall state the facts of the case as they actually occurred.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Murray, in Paris, was always accessible to Herbert Vaughan. They knew his parents, and he had letters to Mr. Murray, requesting them to exercise toward him a parental regard; but as the pride of the young man revolted at being thought poor, he concealed the fact, and substituted as a reason why he desired medical practice that he might be initiated in the elementary process abroad, rather than at home.

It so happened that Mr. Murray furnished Herbert with an opera ticket, which was good for every night's performance during the season. A "star" of great magnitude was now in the height of her fame. Herbert was passionately fond of music, and the fair enchantress completely fascinated him. He omitted every other engagement, that he might always listen to her melodious notes. He had sometimes found himself more interested than was compatible with an attention to his studies, in devising means whereby he could obtain an introduction to her who so strangely haunted his day dreams, and he was not alone in his admiration, for every evening he saw the same faces who, with himself, listened to her with intense delight. There wanted now but three evenings more before her successful engagement would terminate, and "could she be re-engaged!" became a theme of absorbing interest. Rumor ran that her health was materially affected by such arduous labors, and a true sympathy ought to have ceased to clamor for her re-appearance under such bodily ailments; but public sentiment demands gratification, often at the expense of making a victim of the object of its adoration, and when the placards announced "Loretti was re-engaged," there was a spontaneous outburst of applause.

Herbert had now learned that Loretti made this sacrifice of herself on account of an invalid father and a sick mother, who depended solely upon this child of song for their support,—that she lived in comfortable, but by no means showy, quarters, and Herbert found himself sometimes walking past her hired apartment, looking with intense gaze upon the window panes, which gave no evidence of life therein.

Upon the second night of Loretti's engagement, just as the audience were in breathless transports as she sang the favorite echo song, the fair enchantress fell to the floor, apparently lifeless. "Is there a surgeon in this house?" rang the wild inquiry. In an instant of time, Herbert Vaughan was supporting Loretti as she gasped in agony. The curtain soon dropped, the manager announcing that Loretti had ruptured a blood-vessel, and would be conveyed to her lodgings, while a morning bulletin would satisfy the public concerning the issue of her disease. The curtain fell, and we will follow Herbert to the apartment of the songstress, where she was laid upon a bed, and carefully forbidden to utter a sentence to either of her attendants. Her father sat at her feet with a pallid countenance, watching intently the quick breathings of his child,—the mother was bolstered in a chair in a near apartment, full of maternal solicitude.

"How is the patient now?" was repeatedly asked, when her physician could give no answer, for there she lay, perfectly motionless, apparently in a quiet sleep, the effect of the opiate she had taken. Midnight and profound silence reigned around—the aged parents had retired—the breathing of the old nurse gradually grew shorter and shorter, until she finally settled away in a slumber upon the cot on the floor. Herbert Vaughan was alone awake; he was just beginning to ponder over the strange affair which brought him here. He wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, and as he gazed upon his patient, so gentle was her breathing that he bent over her to ascertain if she were really alive. The jewelled coronet glittered still upon her brow, the diamond rings sparkled upon her white hand, the spangled slipper encased her tiny foot, and a white muslin frock enclosed her fair form. Not an article could be displaced, lest bleeding should again ensue. It was a strange night to Herbert Vaughan, yet he did not distrust his own ability to do all that was needful for the frail sufferer, and when morning dawned, and she awakened to the nature of her malady, he still sat by her bedside, urging the most profound quiet as her only restorative. He issued the bulletin, that "Loretti's case was now favorable, and provided entire quiet could be secured to her, her recovery might be anticipated." Herbert, who had sat up all night, regardless of everything which might have ministered to his own comfort, now gently withdrew a few paces from the bed of his patient, when suddenly she sprang to an upright position, and made an effort to rise. At first, all efforts to soothe her seemed unavailing, and both the nurse and himself found a hard task to prevent her from rushing from them to the floor, and it was only as another opiate was administered, and he gently quieted her half-conscious, half-frantic delirium, that she became again composed, and sank in a profound slumber.

Again her physician made an effort to leave her, promising only to go to his lodgings and procure his letters, take a cup of coffee, and return at the first practicable moment. The nurse was a faithful watcher, and attended by her father, Herbert stole out of the room, scarcely realizing how time had flown since he last entered this apartment.

Judge, then, of his astonishment when, as he entered his lodgings, a man was there sitting, writing a note at his desk, and apparently much agitated by some occurrence. Herbert bowed and saluted him,—it was returned with a solemn tone and sad expression. Presently the stranger eyed him attentively, and as if the conviction for the first time shot across his brain, said he:

"Are you Loretti's physician?"

"I am," was the quick reply.

"Can she be saved?"

"Only by unremitting exertions on behalf of her nurse and attendants. One act, a single effort, a slight strain, a violent fit of coughing, and life would be extinct."

"How much of your time can you devote to Loretti's bedside?"

"Nearly the whole of the day, and a part of the night."

"Do you need any other medical advice?"

"Not at present."

"Then," said the stranger, "take this purse, and be unceasing in your efforts to restore your patient."

And so saying, he threw a large Spanish cloak about his person, and hurried out of the apartment and betook himself to a coach in waiting at the door.

Herbert opened the purse—it contained ten guineas! Yesterday he felt himself a poor, deserted, friendless man; to-day he was full of enthusiasm and nervous excitement, and at this moment was the possessor of ten guineas!

Faithful to his trust, he hurried back to his patient. Good heavens! writes her physician, she was sitting in a chair, endeavoring to comb her disheveled hair by a mirror placed before her, when, faint with the effort, she dropped her hand, and again the blood streamed from her stomach, and we laid her upon her bed. As soon as it ceased to flow, in spite of all our entreaties, said she, "To-morrow night I shall appear at the theatre—I must—I shall," and when she swooned, it seemed as if her last gasp was indeed given; but by the aid of stimulants she again breathed, and sank into a profound slumber. "For hours," says her medical adviser, "I kept my station by her bedside, and while in my lonely reverie I pondered upon whom that stranger could be, who so unceremoniously thrust himself in my apartment, the recollection came to me that he left a note, which he desired me to present to Loretti when the state of her health would warrant reading it. The first pang of jealousy began to creep over me, and the first suspicion was awakened in my mind, that I, too, loved Loretti! I kept the note for two days, and having calmed my patient, I allowed her to converse but very sparingly, although I had a painful longing to tell her of the strange gentleman, and his acts toward me.

"My anxiety being a little quieted," continued Herbert, "I now left my patient for several hours, leaving strict charges with the nurse to obey orders. Again, when I returned at evening, I found the door of Loretti's apartment wide open. I went to the bed, it was tenantless! I looked upon the dressing-table, and empty jewelry boxes were displayed; a pair of silk hose hung upon the chair, a slipper left here, and and another there, a stray bow of ribbon, a nice dressing robe, all proclaimed my patient had indeed fled, and with her all her protectors! I sallied into her father's room—the mother was in the attitude of prayer, and seemed not to heed my entrance. I demanded where was Loretti?

"'O,' said she, 'she has gone to the opera,—it will be her last performance. Here is her explanation—she left the note upon the dressing-table.' I opened it and read:

"'Loretti,—Fail not to be present at the opera to-night. You will see the Spanish nobleman escort to the dress circle a fair Desdemona, to whom he has pledged his hand and heart. His pretended affection for you is spurious—he does not expect you to perform, and will have no fears of betrayal. Go, Loretti, if it be the last night your feet ever press those boards. Sing, if it be your last swanlike notes. Again I say, go.

"'F——.'

"'How long has Loretti been gone?' I inquired, 'and who attended her?'

"The old lady seemed confused, but answered, 'She has been gone a full hour,—time passes slow, for I expect her to be brought back in a swoon every moment,—do stay, doctor, and be here to receive her,—she was attended by her father and nurse, and carried in their arms to the coach.'

"Gracious heavens! I involuntarily exclaimed, can I not now prevent her appearance on the stage by going to the rehearsal room, and foretelling her the inevitable doom which awaits her? And uniting my action to the word, behold me knocking for admission at the very door which Loretti had just entered. The manager met me with an ungracious look, as I inquired for Loretti.

"'What name,' inquired he, 'shall I announce to her?'

"'Herbert Vaughan, her physician,' I replied.

"'Ah, sir, my orders are peremptory, should you call, not to give you audience.'

"'But,' I added, 'do you not know that you are risking the life of my patient by your permitting her to appear in public to-night?'

"'I only know, sir, by her non-appearance I should lose an immense sum,' and thus saying, he closed the door.

"I rushed to the dress circle,—every seat was occupied,—in the stage box I saw the Spanish nobleman,—yes, my generous benefactor, and yet I looked upon him with suspicion; but that note, how it haunted me! And a lady sat beside him, richly attired, and possessed of a rare bouquet, whose fragrance diffused its sweetness many paces beyond her. Was she the nobleman's adored? I hoped so, and while pursuing my reverie the curtain rose, and amidst the most rapturous applause appeared Loretti!

"'How deadly pale she looks,' was whispered. I saw she cast her eyes toward the stage-box, and a tremulousness took hold of her. My eyes were rivetted, for every moment I expected her to sink upon the stage. How she managed to warble and trill, and sing so exquisitely, was to me a profound mystery. The first act was about to be ended, when the nobleman's lady threw her the bouquet, which fell at her feet. As she stooped to raise it, the curtain dropped. At the close of the second act, when the fair songstress was encored, and called upon again and again to repeat, the manager came forward and announced, 'that owing to a recent illness, Loretti found herself too exhausted to appear again that night.'

"The curtain dropped, and in silence, amidst a tumultuous rush of feeling, I prepared to leave. Thought I, if I step toward the rehearsal-door, I may find Loretti, and escort her home. I waited until the whole multitude had dispersed, and then my eyes beheld her supported by the Spanish gentleman, and led to his carriage to be conveyed thence. I made no effort to be seen, but wended my way to my lodgings, really hoping (may Heaven forgive me!) that I should be sent for that night to attend my patient. But no summons came, and as I was making my toilet with more scrupulous care than was my wont, a messenger tapped at my door and presented the following note:

"'Will Dr. Vaughan be kind enough to call at Loretti's lodgings this day, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock?

L.'

"I did so, and although my patient was pale and languid, and her breathing painfully oppressive, yet she made to me the following explanation:

"'I feel it is your due, sir, to receive an account of the reasons which prompted me to pursue the strange course which I know you considered little less than suicidal in me, by appearing upon the stage, against your orders, with my exhausted powers to please the clamorous multitude. Your calm reasoning would have so appealed to my own sense of duty, that, had I seen you, I feared I should have been dissuaded from acting, and I gave positive command that you should be excluded from my presence. Now, sir, will you listen to my provocation, and then may it palliate my seeming temerity.

"'The Spanish gentleman who called upon you, made protestations of his love toward me, and so pursued the subject that I consented to become his forever. But he was not alone in his proposals; another, of fair name and princely inheritance, offered me his heart, and for a time my decision was uncertain; but ever after my hand was pledged to the nobleman, the latter lover's revenge pursued me. He sent me anonymous letters, indicating how faithless was the heart to which I had attached myself; and finally, to show to me that he had not overstated facts in the case, he sent me the note which you read in my mother's presence.

"'Had I died, I would have attested the truth of his being publicly seen at the opera with another, to whom he had pledged his affections. I made the effort, supported by my resolute will to do so; for a time my emotions were undefined—a dizziness came over me, a sickness succeeded,—but was I not there to redeem my promise to the gaping multitude? My courage revived,—I would show my betrothed lover that I could surmount the loss of so base a man. But I was cruelly suspicious; his heart was beating with strange emotions, too, for my treacherous lover, who enkindled my jealousy, had played a double part, and represented me as equally insincere to him as he had proved to me. A shadow came over his noble brow. Was I indeed perfidious? A note was forged, that I desired not to see him again! He would take his brother's bride, and listen once more to my strange songs. After the curtain dropped he would see me. A full explanation followed. We are still true lovers. Suffice it for me to add, in consideration of your kind attentions and medical skill, the nobleman has left with me twenty guineas for you, as a token of his satisfaction and gratitude.'

"My head was bewildered. Had I been dreaming? Why was I spell bound? Did grateful emotions so overpower me, or was I yielding to a strange fascination, which I foresaw must be hopeless? I meditated. I could not leave my patient—she would need farther attention—her pulse was tremulous—her voice was weak—she had bidden adieu to the stage forever. I prescribed a tonic, and promised to see her tomorrow, adding some feeble words of gratitude for such an unexpected testimonial of regard.

"I returned to my lodgings. My appetite had failed. I would sit for hours, thinking over Loretti's case, while, in truth, my own demanded more attention. In the midst of my cogitations, my old friend, Mr. Murray, called to enquire for my welfare. A curiosity had seized him to know why I had omitted my daily visits upon them. I replied that my time had been occupied in attending the celebrated singer, Loretti.

"'Is it possible?' inquired he, with great surprise. 'Your fortune is made forever! I have heard of the judicious care of her medical attendant, but never dreamed it was you. Open an office directly.'

"By slow degrees I recovered from the spell which bound me, but my heart received a wound from which it will never recover. My practice became extensive, but I never found another patient in whom I was equally interested. I continued to watch the movements of Loretti, until she was publicly married to the Spanish nobleman, and, for some reason which I leave others to explain, I have never since felt as happy as before that event.

"The nobleman took his bride to his own country,—her parents were removed to more eligible lodgings, and I availed myself of their removal to be the succeeding tenant. For months I lodged in the same room where I spent the first night with my lovely patient. How often imagination recalled that scene, and how often my slumbers were disturbed by brooding over that fortunate, or unfortunate, occurrence, will never be revealed. It was fortunate, as I regarded my pecuniary resources, for I have since discharged all my obligations to my relatives, and have risen in their regard, as a man of enterprise beyond their expectations. But then I am most unfortunate, for henceforth my way will be solitary, and whether in Europe or America, I shall die a bachelor, unless, by some interposition of Providence, Loretti becomes a widow, and I am again her medical adviser."

The event thus narrated was communicated by a correspondence, and as it was not urged upon me to keep it secret, I have thought the story possessed sufficient interest for me to bequeath it to others. In the words of Dr. Vaughan, "it was the only patient he ever attended, about whom a heart history could be written." We are taught the folly of placing our affections where they cannot be reciprocated—above all things, never to interfere with one who is betrothed to another.

HUMAN TESTIMONY.

A few days ago, a dead body was found near Milwaukie, and public opinion generally became satisfied that it was the remains of John Dwyer, a sailor, well known there. Three women, with whom Dwyer had boarded in Milwaukie during the last four years, all identified the body as that of their late boarder. It appears that Dwyer left the city a few months since for the interior, on a job of wood chopping, and that recently a man named Harrison came in, saying Dwyer had sent for his clothing, which was given. Officers started off in pursuit of Harrison, that he might be forced to give an account of poor Dwyer, and he did, he carried the police to where Dwyer was at work. The latter gentleman, the officers find has not died, had not been murdered, and was in excellent health. The coroner's jury, in the face of this evidence had to reject that of the woman who so conscientiously and honestly, yet mistakingly, had testified to the identity of the body.—*Western paper.*

WHAT A BOOK SHOULD BE.

A book should be founded on good principles, and conform to good taste, to make it a proper inmate of the family. Playing at checkers, jamping the rope, or reciting the multiplication table, are much more useful employments than the perusal of trashy works of fiction. The standard books of the language are standard for a reason—they never violate common sense, nor mock at religion, nor trifle with the proprieties. How, then, can books which are weak in style, foolish in sentiment, and utterly without any guiding principle in the mind or the hand of the author, expect to claim the permanent respect of the world?—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

Jester's Picnic.

An eccentric genius who delivered lectures in the Hoosier State to the rural population of the public, was in the habit of taking his wife along when making his grand rounds. Sometimes she took a seat on the stand, and encouraged him by her presence. On such occasions, before commencing his lecture, the male member of the firm invariably introduced his partner to the assembly. Taking her by the hand, he gracefully led her to the "foot lights," then waving his hand toward the people, and looking the lady in the face, said, "Mrs. Jones—audience." Then facing the assemblage, with a gesture indicating that it was necessary to identify the lady introduced, he added, "Audience—Mrs. Jones." This duty accomplished, the lecturer proceeded according to the programme.—*Dayton Journal.*

A singular sort of a man, not twenty miles from ——, sent for a magistrate to write out his will. After mentioning a number of bequests, he went on—

"I give and bequeath to my beloved brother Zack, one thousand dollars."

"Why, you are not worth half that sum in the world," interrupted the magistrate.

"Well, no matter if I am not," replied the other, "it's my will that brother Zack should have that sum, and he may work and get it if he has a mind to."

We recently made a trip over the Central Ohio Railroad. At Cambridge a lady came on board as the train was about starting, who, while taking leave of her feminine acquaintance, still holding her hand, regretted that she could not give her a kiss.

"You certainly shall have an opportunity," remarked the gallant conductor, making signal to the engineer, who backed up, when the parting friends took a buss.—*Capital City Fact.*

The word "dunning" owes its origin to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of Lincoln, so extremely active, and so dexterous at the management of his rough business, that it became a proverb, when a man refused to pay his debts, to say, "Why don't you 'Dun' him?"—that is, "Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?" Hence it grew into a custom, and is now as old as since the days of Henry VII.

Bill Larkins, who is what may be denominated a spreeing character, once shook hands with General Jackson. "And," says Billy, "I gub him a piece of advice at the time; says I, now General, we've elected you, and I hope you'll take care of the constitution. Says he, I'll try, and I hope you'll take care of yours."

Somebody told Sheridan to prove that Mr. and Mrs. Dorset did not lead such a cat-and-dog life as people said they did, that when the lady came near drowning at Twickenham, her husband plunged into the water and saved her at the peril of his life. "Poor fellow!" said Sheridan, "he was always absent-minded."

An Irish girl, the other day, complained to her mistress that the cow wouldn't eat her "mate." She "scalded the male, and she salted it—but divil a bit would the cow touch it." On examination, it was found that Biddy's "male" was nothing but saw dust. The cow was, quite evidently, not used to such "fine board."

In a history of Capt. Roger Clapp, who came to this country in 1689, and settled in Dorchester, the names of his children are given as follows:—Samuel, William, Elizabeth, Experience, Waitstill, Preserved, Hopestill, Wait, Thanks, Desire, Thomas, Unite, and Supply.

The industrious old lady who walked all over London with a can in her hand to procure a pint of the "milk of human kindness," has been more successful in getting a little jam out of the jar of a door. She got the jam on her fingers.

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